REGISTERED No. M. 2872

PRICE 6 PIES

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

INLAND:

| | Local | Mofussil |
|---|---|---|
| PER ANNUM | Rs. 2-0 | Rs. 2-8 |
| PER HALF YEAR | Rs. 1-4 | Rs. 1-6 |

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOREIGN:

| | |
|---|---|
| PER YEAR | Rs. 3-8 |
| PER HALF YEAR | Rs. 2-0 |

# The Sunday Observer

VOL. I — MADRAS, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1933 — NO. 11.

## OPEN LETTER TO H. E. THE GOVERNOR

### TIRUMALAI-TIRUPATHI DEVASTHANAMS BILL

### WHY SHOULD THERE BE SO MUCH DELAY IN GIVING ASSENT?

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I, a humble devotee to the Tirupathi shrine, venture to address this letter to you in the hope that the question of giving assent to the Tirupathi Bill be favourably considered by Your Excellency at an early date. In doing so, I beg to inform Your Excellency that I am actuated by the most sacred sentiments and inspired by the loftiest motives for the welfare of that holy shrine to which tens of thousands of pilgrims go year after year. Neither have I an axe to grind, nor a purse to fill. In the name of championing the cause of the Mahant, men who know law and men who have no principles, have lined their pockets, and that has been the only and the most remarkable feature of the unholy agitation to protect the holy shrine from beneficial and healthy influences.

Your Excellency would have received deputations after deputations from so-called orthodox Hindus urging you not to give assent to the Bill. Another deputation will also be shortly visiting Your Excellency at Ootacamund and it will also chant the same mantrams and recite the same slogans as the previous ones. A keen observer of men and events, Your Excellency would have noted the motives which inspire those who are against reform in the Tirupathi administration, motives which are unholy, impure and base.

For, what does the Tirumalai-Tirupathi Devasthanams Bill seek to do? It wants purity in the administration of the sacred trust, and it has made provisions which will prevent maladministration and misappropriation. It seeks to do away with the present misrule, and introduce in its place a system which will safeguard the best interests of the Temple and the Devasthanam and the large number of devotees who go to the Sacred Mountain every year.

Instead of welcoming the Bill with open arms, the orthodox Brahmin bandicoots are trying to undermine it. Vested interests are always reluctant to accept change. In the case of the Bill, it is not a change so much as a revolution—a thorough sweep of the stinking abuses and nauseating malpractices that have brought the Tirupathi Devasthanam into disrepute.

Debates in the local Legislative Council, articles in the press and speeches on public platforms have all pointed to the one fact that something is rotten in the present system of management by the Mahant, and that the sooner the rottenness is removed, the better. In other words, public opinion is overwhelmingly keen on the point that by legislation alone can things be improved.

More important, from one point of view, than public opinion is the judicial verdict on past administrations. Cases in the High Court and appeals to the Privy Council have shown beyond the shadow of any doubt that the management of the Temple and the Devasthanam properties by a Mahant was productive of the worst evils that trust properties can be heir to.

Both by public opinion and tribunals of justice, the present system has been found defective, harmful and extremely pernicious to the very principles for which the trust property was founded.

Therefore, the Bill has come as a panacea for the Tirupathi ills. It is a long-felt necessity. It must now be put into force as early as possible. It has twice been passed by the Council, and it now awaits assent at the hands of Your Excellency. As a great parliamentarian and a greater administrator, Your Excellency knows well that to delay assent to the measure would be to act against public opinion and against public interest. May I therefore beseech Your Excellency, in the name of religion, in the name of countless devotees, in the name of well-established political and administrative precedents, and above all in the sacred name of trust which should be honoured, respected and reverenced, to put Your Excellency's assenting signature and seal to the Bill?

Such assent is long overdue, and to delay it further is a crime.

I beg leave to remain,
Your Excellency's most obedient
servant,
"OBSERVER"

### EX-MAYOR KNIGHT OF 69 TO WED

#### BRIDE A HOSPITAL NURSE IN THE TWENTIES

London (By Mail)

Sir Edwin Wood Thorp Farley, Dover's wartime mayor, will be married to Miss Gertrude Elizabeth Clout, a pretty, young nurse, at Elham Parish Church, near Folkestone.

He is sixty-nine and his bride is in the twenties. She first met Sir Edwin at his teashop while she was nursing at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Dover.

Their wedding has been kept as quiet as possible. Canon W. G. Elnor, vicar of St. Mary's Church, Dover, and a friend of Sir Edwin will conduct the service, and the honey-moon will be spent cruising in the Mediterranean.

Sir Edwin was Mayor of Dover from 1913 to 1919, and it was for his war services that he received his knighthood. He also received the the Legion of Honour.

LEADERSHIP

Following the success of any pioneer, there soon springs up a host of imitators. Claims become louder......promises become greater......and in the confusion, HONESTY and RIGHT SERVICE are lost sight of.

The success of this House rests upon a solid foundation ever strengthened by its unique adherence to a system— —so rare in the East— —"ONE—PRICE—TO—ALL." And it enjoys the confidence of the whole Indian Nation from Kashmir to Cape Comorin, and Burma, as being a most dependable Diamond House.

that continues to be
LEADERSHIP

Jewellery Buying is a JOY at this Store.

SURAJMAL'S

JEWELLERS

SINCE 1895

313, Esplanade, MADRAS.

BOMBAY. RANGOON. TRICHY. ANTWERP.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

ADVERTISEMENT TARIFF

CASUAL

Special Short Classified Advertisements.—"Wanted," "To Let," "Notice," and "For Sale," Advertisements, when not strictly appertaining to any regular business, not exceeding one inch single column Re. 1 per insertion; every additional inch or part thereof Annas 8.

Railways, Shipping, Government, Military, Court, Legal, Municipal, District and Taluk Boards and other notifications of Public and Corporate Bodies—Eight Annas per inch single column per insertion. Displayed Advertisements Rs. 2 per inch, single column per insertion.

Cinema, Theatrical, Concert and other Entertainments.—Re. 1 per inch, single column per insertion.

Company Prospectuses.—Full page Rs. 100, half page Rs. 55, and quarter page Rs. 30 per insertion.

Notices and Reports of Company Meetings—Re. 1 per inch, single column per insertion.

Domestic Occurrences.—Births, Deaths, Marriages, In Memorium, etc., etc., Re. 1 per insertion. No verses or quotations permissible.

Election Manifestoes.—Rs. 2 per inch, single column per insertion.

CONTRACT RATES ON APPLICATION.

Apply to the Manager.

## TRAIN SERVICES

### MADRAS CENTRAL

| | Dep. | Arr. |
|---|---|---|
| Calcutta Mail | 8 30 p. m. | 8 15 a. m |
| Grand Trunk Express | 7 45 a. m. | 7 0 p. m |
| Waltair Passenger | 7 55 a. m. | 7 50 a. m |
| Do Fast Passenger | 7 30 p. m. | 6 0 p. m |
| Bombay Mail | 8 40 p. m. | 5 55 a. m |
| Do Express | 8 30 a. m. | 5 10 p. m |
| Raichur Passenger | 9 20 a. m. | 3 45 p. m |
| Kavali Passenger | 12 35 p. m. | 2 45 p. m |
| Renigunta Do | —— | 9 45 a. m. |
| Do Do | —— | 9 22 p. m. |
| Bangalore Mail | 9 30 p. m. | 6 15 a. m. |
| Do Express | 1 0 p. m. | 2 10 p. m. |
| Do Passenger | 6 15 a. m. | 7 40 p. m. |
| Do Passenger | 9 40 p. m. | 5 30 a. m. |
| Jalarpet Passenger | 12 45 p. m. | 2 0 p. m. |
| Katpadi Do | 5 30 p. m. | |
| Arkonam Do | 6 30 p. m. | |
| S. I. R. Malabar Express | 8 5 p. m. | 7 15 a. m. |
| S. I. R Blue Mountain Express | 9 15 p. m. | 6 35 a. m. |

### MADRAS (EGMORE)

MAIN LINE

| | Dep. | arr. |
|---|---|---|
| Indo-Ceylon Express | 9 0 p. m. | 6 40 a. m. |
| Shencotta Passenger | 6 50 a. m. | 7 50 p. m. |
| Cuddalore Passenger | 4 0 p. m. | 11 45 a. m. |
| Trivandram Fast" | 9 30 p. m. | 6 5 a. m. |
| Trichy Parcel Passenger | 10 40 p. m. | 5 35 a. m. |

CHORD LINE

| | Dep. | arr. |
|---|---|---|
| Danushkodi Fast Passenger | 11 15 a. m. | 2 55 p. m. |
| Trivandram Express | 7 30 p. m. | 7 35 a. m. |

### ONLY JUST

For three hours the auctioneer had tried to arouse his listeners to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. But either the weather or their lunch, had disagreed with them, and they simply would not be roused. The sale was one of horses, and lot after lot went for very low prices. The limit was reached when a sad and sorry animal was led into the ring.

"Now, gentlemen," shouted the auctioneer, "what offers for this lot? Will somebody start the bidding?"

There was a pause. Then a voice came from somewhere in the middle of the crowd:—

"Five shillings!"

"Gentleman, gentleman!" protested the auctioneer. "The horse is alive!"

• • • •

"What's the matter with her?"

"I think her dinner disagreed with her."

"Well, I certainly admire its courage."

## FOR A QUIET CORNER

The gift of rapid decision has made many men famous. It is, in fact, almost impossible without this pluck to be successful in any sort of enterprise, great or small. Everyday, and almost every hour, a resolution of some sort has to be arrived at; even on such a humble point as to whether the bathroom should be painted green or blue.

Yet many people of mature years are unable to make up their minds on even trivial matters. They wobble from one side to another, they peer over the fence weighing up possibilities over and over again with maddening deliberation, and in the end they turn to outsiders to throw the casting vote. Even choosing a book from the library affords serious grounds for doubt. Each volume is scanned, pages are fingered, and finally they walk out with one book thinking how much they wished they had taken another.

These vacillations, though annoying, are not in the majority of cases important; but when confronted with some turning point the wobbler is a mighty failure. Too late he will realise that life will not stand still and that opportunity seldom shows her pretty face a second time. Luck does not smile upon deliberators; all her gifts go to those who stretch out greedily to grasp them. Fortune is doubly unkind when she makes us depend on the indecision of another.

Half the spinsters one meets are wobblers. Once they could have married A. or B. But some one said that A. had sowed wild oats, while others thought that B. had not. Perhaps a better C. was still at large; a big strong silent man, immensely rich. Meanwhile A. and B. asked and wanted a plain answer to a straight qustion, Yes or No. They were prepared to wait, but not for ever. While the ladies wobbled A. and B. grew tired, for plenty of other girls had their replies ready.

It is not that wobbling is a vice; Hamlet was a most virtuous prince, too full of brains. It is a real virtue to be able to look at both sides of a question; but so many people look and never leap. They harldy know what they want or why. They envy the happiness and success of others without realising that strength of mind and purpose can achieve almost anything. Where would Christopher Columbus and Amy Johnson have been had they failed to make up their mind? Both decided to do something magnificent and were rewarded with dazzling results. We can all be adventurers in miniature and the results will be proportionately bright if we will but take the decisive step.

This is an age of quick movement and quick thinking. Ponderers get left behind. We have to dodge rushing cars and be nimble in catching buses. We are often forced to leap the moment we look. Quiet reflection was no doubt a virtue that became grand-mother; but it has no place in the world of today.—(C. M. G.)

* * *

Power controlled is efficient Power. There is unlimited power in the Niagara Falls, but until controlled by man it was wasted. Now by means of turbines it provides electricity for an extensive area, and supplies light, heat and motive power to many cities.

Power uncontrolled is power wasted. There is great power behind the Nile floods. Uncontrolled, these floods lay waste vast tracts of land and killed innumerable people and live-stock; controlled, they are harmless and are used for irrigating a burdened country.

All admire the strong, silent man—more often read of in novels than met with in actual life. His greatness is due to his control. He does not waste words or actions; he is energetic without being fussy; he can ponder and yet not day-dream.

## THOUGHTS ON CHARACTER

(BY MR. P. V. SESHAGIRI RAO)

Character means, when applied to a human being, the peculiar groups of mental and moral qualities by which he is distinguished as an individual from others. In this sense it is equivalent to individuality. Moral character is the highest result of moral development, being the outcome of a persistent series of efforts in doing right.

* * *

Character lies in the man; it is the mark of what he is; it shows itself on all occasions: reputation depends upon others; it is what they think of him.

* * *

Character exhibits itself in self-control of speech as much as in anything else. The wise and forbearant man will restrain his desire to say a smart or severe thing at the expense of another's feelings; while the fool blurts out what he thinks and will sacrifice his friend rather than his Joke. "The mouth of a wise man", said Solomon, "is in his heart, the heart of a fool is in his mouth."

* * *

Character grows like the body mainly by food and exercise. Its food are the ideas presented to the mind, its exercise lies in carrying out those ideas and putting them into practice. The watchword of character is St. Augustine's famous ladder, "I am,—I know—I can—I ought—I will," and unless one is climbing step by step this ladder. it is hopeless to expect much result. Take each one of these rungs, and ask yourself upon which you stand.

* * *

Character in its highest forms, is disciplined by trial and made perfect through suffering. "Consider," says Jeremy Taylor, "that sad accidents and a state of afflictions, is a school of virtue. It reduces our spirits to soberness, and our counsels to moderation; it corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning."

* * *

Character embodied in thought and deed is of the nature of immortality. The solitary thought of a great thinker will dwell in the minds of men for centuries, until at length it works itself into their daily life and practice. Thus Moses and David and Solomon, Plato and Socrates, as Smiles says, still speak to us as from their tombs.

* * *

Character is the moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. An individual is an enclosure. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

* * *

Character in a woman, as in a man will always be found the best safeguard of virtue, the best nurse of religion, the best corrective of Time. Personal beauty soon passes; but beauty of mind and character increases in attractiveness the older it grows.

* * *

The solid foundation of liberty must rest upon individual character. Where national character ceases to be held, a nation may be regarded as next to lost. "In Every connection," says a French writer, "individuality is one of the first conditions of success. A man does nothing well that he does not do while remaining himself."

* * *

"The prosperity of a country" says John Stuart Mill beautifully, "depends not in the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications nor on the beauty of its public buildings, but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens in its men of character, education and enlightenment."

* * *

Character is the blade of the knife: everything else about him is the knife's handle. Character is the picture. Everything is the pictures' frame. Character is a watch's mechanism: Everything else the watch's case. Character is the steam which makes the locomotive go. Everything else the machinery without which the engine can do nothing.

* * *

Character must be a homogeneous whole if it is to be of any value as a means of raising others. A broken diamond fetches no price, and Character is a pearl of great price. All the great achievements of history have been due to sober, Godfearing men. Cromwell turned out of his army all men who were given to swearing or drinking.

* * *

A man of perfect character sees no difference between himself and others. He has got beyond all dualities unity alone exists for him. This unity is his basis for morality and the one basis that alone is invulnerable.

* * *

A man of character will sacrifice his very life to save himself and others. He that saveth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life shall find it.

How well would it be if educational institutions should aim at producing active, adaptable minds built upon soundness of character! Cleverness by itself is not enough and credits in school certificates are of minor importance compared with teaching the boy to know himself.

* * *

One important thing then, is to build character. One cannot develop a personality or become great by reading books. Knowledge may be an asset, but it never makes great men. A character for integrity, uprightness, candour and frankness—these are the qualities that make a great man and nothing else. "The watchword" of psychology is "Liberty on Death"—the watchword of Patrick Henry when the United States declared their independence. This is not of political liberty. This is talking of individual liberty. If you crush the child you are destroying the noblest work of God.

* * *

It is impossible then to form an independent character except when thrown upon one's own resources. The Oak in the middle of the forest, if sorrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree growing in the open field where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he would not otherwise have attained.

---

There are some men who seem proud of their lack of self-control. They imagine that bad temper is a sign of firmness and authority. The person who retains that idea in his head after the age of sixteen is to be pitied.

Control is not only necessary in restraining violent impulses, but is also needed in the quieter workings of the mind.

The man, who lets his thoughts wander uncontrolled is wasting energy as much as the man who lets his anger get the better of him. So also the man who fidgets about and cannot keep still or again the fussy individual, whose lack of self-control is more pitiful than humorous.

It may need a strong effort to control oneself but it is worthwhile. It saves energy and gains efficiency.

The man who can control himself is the man who succeeds. He is the man wanted by all intelligent business leaders—the man who can be relied upon always.

Anyone lacking self-control is like a ship without a rudder drifting along with the current and subject to any winds that blow. But as the rudderless ship can be made useful by fixing on to it a rudder, so can the uncontrolled man become worth his salt by the intelligent, persistent exercise of his will to gain control over himself.—P. I.


VISIT

The Most Delightful Resort!

BONHEUR'S RESTAURANT

Poonamallee High Road, Madras

A Triumph of Comfort and Hospitality

The oldest and Most up-to-date in the Metropolis

OPEN-AIR—GARDEN-COURT!!

EXCELLENT MUSIC EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

Open from 7 a. m. to 11 p m.

THE LAW OF MADRAS

LOCAL BOARDS

BY C. V. NAIDU, ADVOCATE

The only authoritative book on Local Boards

| | RS. | A. |
|---|---|---|
| English ... ... ... | 12 | 8 |
| Tamil ... ... ... | 5 | 0 |
| Telugu ... ... ... | 5 | 0 |

APPLY TO MANAGER

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

FOR COPIES.

WANTED AGENTS

For the Sale of The Sunday Observer, in each and every District.

APPLY TO:

The Manager,
39, Chinnathambi Street,
G. T., MADRAS.

## ELECTIONEERING DANGERS

### IRELAND AND INDIA

Mr. J.T. Gwynn, I. C. S. (Retd.) writes in the Indian Review :—

Some points about the recent Free State General election deserve the attention of Indians in that they give warning of difficulties and dangers ahead and suggest the precautions necessary to guard against them.

In its composition and aims, de-Valera's party, Fianna Fail, bears a remarkable resemblance to the Congress party as it may be expected to develop in India.

In Ireland, chance enabled Mr. Cosgrave to organize the property owners and professional men to support the rival party Cumann'na Gael. In India if any rival to the Congress party can be organised—which is doubtful—it may be assumed that it too will draw its strength from the property owners.

When de Valera came into power last spiring it was very generally feared that the more turbulent elements in his party and among his allies would organise intimidation at the next general election to prevent Cosgrave and the property owners from again gaining control.

It must be remembered that de-Valera enjoyed the support of the Irish Republican Army, an illegal organisation so constituted as to be easily capable of breaking up the political meetings of its opponents and of intimidating the rural voters. Chance made it possible for the property owners to bring into existence a counter-organisation, the Army Comrades' Association, composed chiefly of pensioners of the Free State Army which had been raised to crush De Valera's allies when they opposed the Treaty by force of arms.

The existence of this counter-organisation went a long way to neutralising the efforts of the I.R.A. with the result that in the recent election campaign, Cosgrave's supporters were usually able to get a hearing at public meetings nor was there much wide-spread and systematic intimidation of voters. But the existence of the two rival organisations might at any moment have led to clashes involving serious loss of life and even now when the election is safely over the question whether to tolerate or suppress both or either organisations seems likely to cause the Government considerable embarrassment.

Though intimidation hardly affected the result of the election, Cosgrave's supporters allege that there were serious frauds perpetrated in the preparation of the register of voters and the facts brought to my notice suggest that there is a good deal of substance in these allegations. The preparation of the voters' lists was carried out by officials of a class who would not be above a little cheating to help their party. The supervision seems to have been very defective. Very few of the voters knew how to verify whether their names were on the register or cared to take the trouble to make sure. The party organisers ought, I think, to have seen that their supporters were on the register but the Cumann 'na Gael organisation at least failed miserably in this respect.

De Valera's party profited by irregularities probably to a far greater extent than Cosgrave's, much as you would expect the Congress party to profit more by similar opportunities than their rivals the Moderates or property owners.

Again, on the polling day personation was systematically organised in the towns and here again Fianna Fail is believed to have reaped the main advantage, its irregulars being both keener, more numerous and more unscrupulous than those who acted in support of Cosgrave.

Personation in country districts is said to be far more risky than in the towns, as the party agents are personally acquainted with a far larger percentage of the voters. But the Cosgravites allege that even at the country polling stations personation was often carried out at this election, the party agents having been intimidated so that they failed to do their duty.

This intimidation was made possible, because of the lack of adequate police protection at the polling stations. This lack again was due to the law which requires the election to be held on one and the same day for every constituency in the Free State. This meant that there was only one policeman for the average country polling station and one policeman is of course helpless if he is asked to deal with an organised gang of intimidators. For this reason Cosgrave's organ now argues that the election should be held on different days in different constituencies so that a police force could be transferred in order to give adequate protection at all polling stations. The counting of votes, it is suggested, should be held over and done on the same day for the whole country.

Last but not least, everyone agrees that what decided the fate of the property owners and what is likely to keep the property owners from ever returning to office, is the immense voting strength of the girls and boys between the ages of 21 and 25 who are for the most part incapable of appreciating the dangers which explain the cautious conservatism of the property owners. It has always puzzled me to understand why a country like India, which is devising a new franchise and has troubles on account of the excessive number of the voters to be dealt with, should not seriously consider the propriety of making 25 the lower age limit for the vote. At the other end of the scale by way of compensation it might very well strike off the register us who are over 50 or 60. At our age we have few illusions about the value of the privilege we should thereby lose and it is only fair that the younger bread-winners should be put in a position to direct the future policy of the State. Disqualification for the vote should not of course carry with it disqualification for a seat in the legislature. Exceptional people over 70 or under 25 might be well fitted to do the work of a legislator though the average man under 25 or over 70 is certainly not a good judge either of policy or personality.


# "Electraphone"

## Run by Electricity

**NO MORE WINDING!**

**NO MORE WORRY!!**

**NO MORE BOTHERATION!!!**

Simply plug in your ordinary house - current and it is ready to sing for you.

Ask your nearest Gramophone dealer to demonstrate it for you. Insist for "*ELECTRAPHONE*" Products. The best and cheapest in the market.

You can have from a Cabinet to a small portable in our products.

**Models ranging from Rs. 175 upwards**

**SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR SOUTHERN INDIA. INCLUDING NATIVE STATES.**

## REDISON & CO.,

Dealers in Electric Gramophones, Wireless sets, and Gramophone Accessories etc., Commercial Street, Bangalore Cantt.

(Agents wanted in all centres in South India where there is Electric power.)

*BONHEUR'S BHARATH*

# BALM

The Infallible Remedy tested and proved by many.

**Price As. 10 Per Jar**

**BUY A BOTTLE NOW**

**AND**

LET THE HAPPY EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS BE YOURS

**WANTED AGENTS**

*SOLE MANUFACTURERS:*

## BONHEUR & CO.,

78, Poonamallee High Road, MADRAS

**Branch: CUDDAPAH**


## Smile Awhile

A man charged with burglary was acquitted by a jury. The masterly way that counsel for the defence handled the matter impressed the jury, and apparently it impressed the defendant, too.

A few days ago the barrister received a package by post. It was a hunting print, and was accompanied by this note :—

"Dear Boss, I was doing a job the other night and seen this. That you might like it."

• • • •

The owner of small provincial theatre was unable to pay his debts, and the bailiffs paid a visit during which some of the stage scenery and lighting effects were removed.

Next week the official raiding party paid another call and took away the rear seats in the auditorium.

The proprietor, however, turned even this sorry state of affairs to account, for he advertised boldly, 'Great Business! Standing room only in the Pit!'

• • •

A Missionary in Africa was trying to impress upon a Negro convert that it was not right, now that he was a Christian, to have more than one wife.

"When you get back home," he said, "tell all your wives, except one, that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

The Negro scratched his head thoughtfully and said, "You tell them, massa."

• • • •

A Scotsman entered an off-licence house and asked for a bottle of whisky.

"Twelve-and-sixpence, please," said the proprietor.

The Scot felt in all his pockets and finally managed to produce twelve shillings. Going to the door, he said to his friend outside: "Give me sixpence, Andy."

"What for?"

"A bottle of whisky."

"Here's a shilling. Get two."

"You know you constantly remind me of, Brown."

"Of Brown? Good gracious, we're not a bit alike."

"No, but he owes me half a crown!"

• • • •

Village Shopkeeper (to customer): "Well, that's three hot-water bottles, two dozen lemons and a large tin of bath mustard. I'll send them right away. All well at home, sir ?"

• • • •

Friend ; "I hope your recent marriage has turned out a great success."

Dramatist : "Oh, quite. I've already made three plays out of my wife's past."

• • •

Mother (to Gerald, who is just being put to bed). "How I wish your father were at home to see how well you behave when he's out!"

"I'm arranging to travel on one of those stabilized steamships."

'It will cost you more."

"May be, but expense aren't what I have to keep down on my sea trips."

• • • •

The manager of the travelling concert party gazed glumly at the audience—five, all told.

"I say, old man," he whispered to the comedian, 'how do you account for this? We've never been here before, have we?"

• • • •

The hotel was on fire, and the guests gathered outside.

"Nothing to get excited about," one man was boasting. "I took my time about dressing. Lighted a cigarette. Didn't like the knot in my tie, so retied It. That's how cool I was."

"True," remarked a bystander, "but hy didn't you to put on your trousers?"

• • • •

The secretary of a big store, obviously upset dashed into the manager's office.

'Good gracious, man," snapped the latter, "whatever's happened ?"

"It's Jones, our traveller," the secretary explained. "Used most insulting language. Told me to fry my face, and said you could go and chase yourself."

"He did, did he?" said the manager. "We'll fire him without ceremony. Let's see, he's been with us five months. What business has he done ?"

"A hundred pounds the first month," said the secretary, reading from a book, "£500 the next month, £3,000 the next, £[illegible],000 the next."

"H'm," murmured the manager. "I often think I ought to take a little more exercise, and I daresay the caretaker will lend you a frying-pan."

* * • *

A man had received an increase of salary which rendered him liable to income-tax for the first time. He received the usual demand notes, but, not understanding them, threw them away.

Finally an inspector called and the man asked for an explanation.

"It's like this," said the inspector. "Supposing you earned £1,000, you would have to pay, say, £100 for income-tax.

"And if I lost £1,000 would they give me £10 ?"

"Oh, no," replied the inspector.

"Well, then, I shan't join."

## Sane Sentiments on Sex

### SIMPLE SEX ANATOMY

**AN ARTICLE TO BE STUDIED BY EVERY YOUNG MAN**

If I were asked for a title to this article I should call it, from perfect boys to perfect men, and I am writing it in response to a request from a number of readers of my articles in the hope that they may use it in their contact with younger boys, and also in the hope that it will be helpful to the younger boy who shall happen to read it.

A study of the lower forms of life shows us that plants and animals have been provided with organs of sex for the purpose of increasing their kind. Now when little children are born they too have organs of sex. A boy's sexual organs have several uses. They are as important to a boy as his mouth, ears, eyes or heart. They are just as pure as any other organ of his body. These organs are very sacred. It is through their proper use that men and women obey God's command to "be fruitful and multiply." Without sex organs, new plants, animals and human beings could not come into the world. Now what a boy must realise is that these organs are very sacred—they are most certainly not sinful—and we should never think of them as being sinful, writes T. Bowen Partington in "Health and strength."

**IGNORANT TEACHERS.**

The true names of these organs are as pure as the words baby, home, mother, Bible, etc., so far as a word is concerned. The true names of these organs are found in the dictionary, and a boy's sister and mother can find these words in the dictionary and their exact meaning. They are placed in the dictionary because they are clean words and are a part of our language. Unfortunately, almost all boys have received their first information about sex from the vicious. Such teachers are ignorant, for they do not know the true names of these organs or their true purposes. They are vicious because their teaching is largely false and they fill the minds of boys with impure thoughts and ideas.

Let twenty boys write down on paper all the names of their sexual organs they have ever learned and not less than thirty names would be found among them. Now go to the dictionary and look for these names. One out of every five cannot be found, for the reason that it is not a part of our language. The other words do not, even remotely, refer in actual meaning to the sexual organs. This is a sample of the ignorance of such men and boys who are always ready to tell a boy something that he is not to tell his parents. Such teaching is a very great evil. It has poisoned the minds and hearts of thousands of boys and started them on the road to ruin. It is very important that a boy fix the thought in his mind that these organs are as pure as any other organ in the body and that their names are just as pure as any other word in the language. There are, of course, many reasons why we should not expose these organs or talk about them, except when it is right or necessary for us to do so.

**KNOWLEDGE IS POWER**

We should learn all we can about our lungs, heart, brains and other organs of the body. When we can see these organs or pictures of them they help to make plain to us things that would be difficult for us to understand. And I have always maintained that it is a thing of the greatest importance that a boy shall understand what are more popularly termed the "private parts of the body." Let us consider first what can be termed the Urinary Organs. The urinary system consists of the following organs: Two kidneys. These are located just above the small of the back and in front of the spinal column, or backbone. The kidneys take up water, waste matter and impurities from the blood. In this way the kidneys help to keep the blood pure. This liquid is called urine.

The excessive use of tobacco and alcoholic drink injures the kidneys, and prevents them from doing all the work that they need to do in order to keep the blood pure and the body healthy and strong. As fast as the kidneys make the urine it is carried by two ducts, called the ureters, one leading from each kidney, and emptied into the bladder. Here it is stored until we wish to discharge it from our bodies. The urine is discharged from the body by a duct that leads through the external sexual organ, and this duct is called the urethra. This process of discharging the urine is called urinating. This is a perfectly natural act, but even here, through wrong association, the words and expressions used by some boys for this act are nasty and the whole act has been associated with low thoughts.

Now consider the sexual organs. Some of the sexual organs of the male are on the outside of the body and some are on the inside of the body. Those on the outside of the body are perfectly familiar to all boys. The external organs through which the urethra passes is called the penis. Now at the end of this organ is a sheath of loose skin, called the prepuce or foreskin. In some boys the prepuce is quite long and tight. When the boys of the Jewish race are eight days old they are circumcised. This act consists in cutting off that portion of the prepuce that extends beyond the head of the penis. The act is performed with a sharp knife and causes but little pain. Ninety millions of Mohammedans practise circumcision.

**CIRCUMCISION—ITS PURPOSE**

This should be performed on many boys in this country when they are only a few days old. There are a number of reasons for this. Underneath the folds of the prepuce are hundreds of little glands that secrete a substance that should be removed daily with water, or a wet rag. When the prepuce will not glide back over the head of the penis it cannot be kept clean. In such cases the secretion becomes white and hard and causes irritation. Boys in this condition will often scratch this organ. In many cases these boys do not make progress in school, they are nervous, have fits and spasms, and this scratching often leads to self-abuse.

When the prepuce of a boy will not glide back when it becomes red and sore, and sometimes swollen, he should ask his father for a doctor's treatment. The doctor will know how to enlarge the opening, break up the adhesion and glide it back. Underneath the penis is a sack, called the scrotum, in which are suspended two glands called the testicles. Leading off from the descending artery are two small arteries called the spermatic arteries, and they carry pure blood to the testicles. Leading back from the testicles are two small veins that separate from the spermatic arteries, and are called the spermatic veins. Connected with each testicle is a duct, called the vas deferens, that passes up through the loins and over the bladder and becomes enlarged into a small vessel called the ampulla. The ampullæ opens into the urethra. Near the ampullæ and behind them are two larger vessels, called the seminal vessels. These vessels connect with the urethra by a small duct. Surrounding the neck of the bladder, the lower portion of the ampullæ, the seminal vessels and the deep urethra, is a very important gland called the prostate gland. Connected with the urethra and only a short distance from the prostate are two small glands called the Cowper's glands.

**WHAT PUBERTY MEANS**

These glands and vessels are all very tender. They are protected by being placed on the inside of the body. Because of bad habits connected with the organs on the outside, many men suffer much pain from diseased conditions of the organs on the inside. When a boy is born he has all these organs. The testicles and the glands on the inside are inactive until he reaches the age of fourteen or fifteen, and until this time he is only a boy. At about the age I have just stated the glands become active and begin to slowly form from the blood a fluid called semen. This period in a boy's life is called puberty.

It is at this time that he starts to ward manhood, but he will not be a perfect man until he is about twenty-four. During these ten years or so he will all the time be changing gradually into a man. There is no way by which a boy can come suddenly to manhood. Of course, there are somethings that hasten puberty. Several thousand miles south puberty comes to a boy a few months sooner than it does here. Several thousand miles north puberty comes later than here. Thus we see that a warm climate tends to hasten the arrival of puberty, and a cold climate will tend to retard it. This is the main reason why puberty in the coloured races comes a few months sooner than it does in the white race.

Vulgar language, impure thoughts, excessive smoking will tend to hasten puberty. These habits arouse passion and lead to the formation of semen before the body is prepared to absorb it. This leads to the habit of wasting this bodily energy. Now a word about the great value of the semen. The wisest doctors tell us that one drop of semen is worth twenty drops of blood; one ounce is worth twenty ounces of the purest blood. If a discharge of this energy were taken from the body of a healthy strong man, twenty-five years old, and placed in a small test-tube and allowed to settle for ten hours, it would divide itself into two unequal parts. The upper and smaller portion would be thin, clear and slightly oily. The lower and larger portion would be thick and milkish in colour, with many little sperm cells.

**EVIL OF BAD HABITS**

These cells can only be seen under a microscope. They are in the shape of a tadpole, except that they are longer in proportion. They are very active at first, but when the fluid becomes chilled they soon die. They are formed from the blood and contain life. If a discharge is removed from a man who is in poor health, a man who drinks excessively or indulges excessively in masturbation, it will be found that the amount as a rule is much smaller, the parts reversed, sperm cells fewer in number, smaller in size, slower in movements, than in the discharge taken from a healthy man. This illustration shows how bad habits injure the blood and rob a man of his energy.

Now let us consider how this new life, this vital force, changes a perfect boy into a perfect man. We find that this energy is formed from the blood and contains life. These sperm cells contain physical, mental and soul life. This will be plain when it is learned that when one of these sperm cells of a father unites with the cell of a mother, under proper conditions, the result will be a child having physical, mental and soul life. A boy has physical, mental and soul life when he is born, but he has not as much as he will have when he is grown. If he grows up to be a man he will need more of this energy and life. This is the work of the sexual glands. They form, by the help of the blood, this energy. This energy is absorbed by the body and carried by the blood to every part of the being. It is in this way that this energy helps the body to grow, and the mind and soul to develop.

---

A young man was doing his own shopping. He said to the pretty girl behind the draper's counter: "I want a pillow case, please."

"Yes" said the girl, "What size?"

The young man looked awkward.

"Why—er—I'm not sure," he said," but I' take a six and seven-eighths hat?"

• • •

"So your sister is married? Is she happy?"

"Very. The only thing that annoys her is her husband."


**DEAFNESS CURE**

BY AYURVEDIC DOCTOR

**T. DORASAWMY**

This cures also humming noise and pain in the ears. **Price Re. 1.** This can be had from M. Toprani, General Merchant, Station Road, Secunderabad, Deccan.

---

Use Always for Ringworm Diseases

**A. S. G. SAM'S RINGWORM SPECIFIC.**

**Rapid effect and a Radical Cure.**

Skin affections known as Ringworm found in parts of the body, especially the waist, the inner thigh near the private parts leaving ugly marks, and itching and burning are the work of germs, which even bring on leprosy and Leucoderma. They should be cured with this **Solution or Ointment.** It kills all germs completely, heals the ruptured skin smoothens it and restores its original healthy appearance.

**Ointment As. 6. Solution As. 6.**

*Apply to:—*

**Messrs. NEELA & CO.,**
**Royapetta, MADRAS.**

**WANTED AGENTS**

---

**"JAYABINDHU"**

**(Registered)**

**Harmless Internal and External Scorpion Sting Cure.**

Sure to cure even cases of unconsciousness in a short time.

Excellent testimonials. Set Re. 1 nett. 3 sets at a time free delivery.

Sample set sent for 4 annas stamps.

Special terms for agents. Sold everywhere.

**Apply to:**

**Srimathy B. KOTAMMA,**
**Bellammondy, CUDDAPAH.**


---

### SHORT STORY

(Continued from Page 9)

is my child, I am a *chandala* and so he is a *chandala*. God forgive him."

"Beat! Kill!" they all shouted. Father and son escaped from the crowd and ran for life.

• • •

They were in front of a great beautiful temple whose tower rose to the sky in majestic disdain of joy and sorrow, but yet seemed full of pity.

"Father of all" cried Jagadisa Sastri. "Thou art the Refuge of the fallen and the Protector of the destitute. A curse has fallen on me and my dear boy. May a *chandala* come to your presence?"

"Come, I am Father and I am Mother, there is none so fallen but may come to me" said a Voice from within.

"At last!" cried Jagadisa Sastri, and taking his boy by the hand, rushed inside through the high and broad gate of the temple, and both fell prostrate in the Refulgent Presence and were lost in fervent prayer. They stood up in joy, when suddenly a dark-skinned priest with angry red eyes rushed in from somewhere and yelled. A crowd filled the hall and shouting "*Chandala*," "Pollution," "Kill," "Beat," began to belabour the boy.

"The Diety called us" protested the old man.

"Liar" they exclaimed, and down came blows.

"Leave the old fellow, he is alright. Kill the boy," shouted the priest.

"Kill me, don't kill my son. Alas! he will die" gasped the unfortunate father.

• • • •

Jagadisa Sastri sat up trembling in his seat. The ticket examiner had rapped him on his back and woke him up. "Show me your ticket" he said. The old man trembled and looked round and was thankful when he assured himself that it had all been but a dream and that Ramchandra was safe still in England.

EPILOGUE

Ramachandra is an Assistant Collector in Kurnool. Sitaramayyar knew nothing about the strange things that were disclosed by the runaway wife. The marriage was celebrated according to plan. They all wondered what had happened to the old man. People said that he went away to Kasi in a fit of religious enthusiasm and that he became a *sanyasi* there. Some others believed that the old man got a fever there and died.

---

**LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE**

A workman met with a nasty accident, and was taken to hospital. His mates sent one of their number to ask after him and express their regret at his misfortune. The man chosen was told to be very tactful.

On arriving at the hospital he found his injured friend looking very miserable and swathed in bandages.

"Hallo, Bill!" said the ambassador of sympathy, "you didn't alf fall awkward the other day! The chaps at the yard 'aven't done laughing about it yet!"

## DR. P. SUBBAROYAN

### A SKETCH

(BY MR. K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM B.A., B.L.)

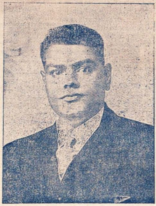
A cursory radiating glance from the visitors' gallery of the Madras Council is sure to be arrested by the prominent figure which occupies the first seat in the front row of the Opposition. There sits, half-reclining the huge and tall, comfortable-looking person of Dr. Subbaroyan, his massy head flung back and his legs stretched straight in front. Swimming through the mass of heads our eyes would anchor on that projecting port. There is a swift attraction of our gaze to his person similar to that of iron filings to a magnet. He is a pleasing picture of amiable indifference. His face is full and broad and his eyes gleam blandly. His hair of black and silvery hue is closely cropped. His dress is so simple as to remind us that he is hardly worried about appearances. His broad massive frame, like of that John Wheately "bespeaks a healthy appetite and a good digestion." He looks the soul of cheerfulness, a child-like open smile often playing on his lips.

As the Doctor sits there, his gaze abstractedly fixed on the wall opposite, his whole aspect looks that of one who, tired after a gallop full of thrill and gusto, is enjoying a holiday on the Opposition Benches. The mighty mare of ministerial power, to whose vagaries and vicious stunts he is no stranger, recklessly speeds through dark woods and deep vales, unhorsing from its saddle unbelieving Pauls. It amuses him much; he enjoys it immensely. The sunny smile would broaden and burst into a child-like ringing laughter but for the Speaker's immediate presence in the Chair. But soon his smile gives place to signs of discontent. He becomes restive. He feels he has been unconscionably long a resting. The music of the trotting hoofs makes him long for a ride. He is all agog to have another leap on to the horse.

One is tempted to ask about Dr. P. Subbaroyan the same old query that has been so often asked about Mr. Stanley Baldwin. "Was he an accident or was he the architect of events? If an accident, was he a happy accident? If the architect of events, was he a good architect?" Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar is puzzled by this phenomenon, Mr. S. Satyamurthi is equally perplexed and Sir A. P. Patro can make nothing of it.

Dr. Subbaroyan has succeeded, as his proto-type in England had done, in alternately eliciting the approbations and opprobriums of both the parties in the Council. "Here's the veritable Moses of our Party, a great Champion of Non-Brahmins" rejoice the Justicites, when he revives the Communal G. O's. But when these men array themselves against him the protagonists of the Swaraj party posing themselves as his friends cry out "We ought on principle to oppose any Ministry. But the Doctor being better than the Justicites, let's help him, if only covertly."

Again, Dr. Subbaroyan's, like Mr. Baldwin's is a 'second-class brain.' He had been in the Reformed Council for six long years without creating a ripple in the waters. No doubt he was secretary to a minister for sometime resigned that job, went over to the side of Mr. C. R. Reddy and the Swarajists and voted against the ministry. But all these constituted no event of importance to anyone. There ended his early political peregrinations. Except for this, he occupied his seat, voted without worry and went home to dinner. If in 1925 one should have taken the pains to enquire who Dr. Subbaroyan was, one would have learnt nothing more



Dr. P. Subbaroyan, Leader of the opposition in the Legislative Council

than that he hails from a high and rich family in Salem District, he had married a Brahmin lady of education and culture from Mangalore and that he was in the Council because it was easy for him to be there.

But the hour of his emergence struck in 1926. The disastrous reverses for the Justice Party in the general elections thinned its ranks in the House and made its continuance in power impossible. The Swarajists could not accept office, even if they would. But any one who could venture to form a ministry ostensibly with the support of the non-Justicite non-descripts euphemistically called the Independents, may count on their tacit help at any time Here was a chance for the Doctor. With circumstances so favourable and his star in the ascendent Doctor Subbaroyan boldly formed a Ministry. It certainly required boldness. The Justicites were definitely in the Opposition. The Swarajists were after all 'candid friends.' And at any time he might feel like crying to be saved from this candid friends. If perchance he should fail there is no doubt he would have failed gloriously. Only thirty-four and with neither genius nor any antecedent political appreanticeship—the Doctor was ushered into the stage. But none did look the part and play the part more successfully than he. No premature grave greeted his ministry, no abrupt ending marred it. He steered clear off shoals and rocks. He managed to run the full course of the natural life of the council. To have done this was to have proved to be the fittest and to have survived the shocks.

He had all the advantages of a 'second class brain' with none of its disadvantages. Happily immune was he from the himalayan blunders and blazing indiscretions that a genius is too prone to Commit. Political superstitions did not sway his sobre judgment, they did not blur his vision of his realities. He was not swept off his feet by the gale of popular feelings. His Colleagues Mr. A Ranganatha Mudaliar and the late Mr. Arokiaswamy Mudaliar made a profound discovery overnight that dyarchy was unworkable. They realised to their profound regret that honey could come easier from stone than good from dyarchy. They obeyed the dictates of their conscience and resigned their respective posts. It was a tremendous sacrifice that they made. The nationalist press grew ecstatic over it. Their photoes were published and three-column editorials were flashed in almost every journal in Madras. Their verdict on dyarchy was conclusive, it was the judgment of the Doomsday. They pretended they had sung the obsequies of dyarchy. Deafening cheers and long-drawn 'jais' greeted their ears and thrilled their hearts.

This was indeed a great temptation—the applause of the populace, the appreciation of the Press and an assured place in the temple of fame—who could have resisted such a temptation and yet reaped contentment? Yet Dr Subbaroyan did both. His faith in dyarchy was frantic. It could not be shaken. His opulent optimism would not indulge in such cheap heroism. The mysteries and marvellous potentialities of dyarchy could not be so easily unravelled as his colleagues had pretended. To run away from its imperfections—he was in all conscience aware of some—was simply to run away from life. It amounted to a confession of defeat. He was out for making experiments with dyarchy. They were no less earnestly undertaken than the experiments with truth by a greater Indian. He would not willingly be scared away by the very first rift in the dyarchical lute. The question of workability or otherwise of dyarchy was the work of the constitutional experts. It was for the Doctor to play the Wolsey and let some future Shakespeare immortalise him. Two other colleagues were ready to step into the breach and they stood by him to the end loyally and firmly. With his own tenacity of purpose and the resourceful diplomacy of Panagal lending itself to him, he carried on merrily.

It is no doubt true that Dr. Subbaroyan is the leader of the Independent Party in the Council. But it is a party without a programme. It is neither a fish, flesh nor a good red herring. Elasticity and ecclecticism are the leading features of his politics. Perhaps the nomenclature of his party better describes its nature. He has never been independent of either of the Party in the Council. Whenever he did not bask in the sunshine of the Panagalites he had to bargain with the Swarajists for support. With little affection for the Justicites and no antipathy for the Swarajists Dr. Subbaroyan, tactfully keeps the balance between the two. He would attend a Party given in honour of a Justicite at 5 p. m. and would visit a Congress Ashram at 6 to pay his respects to the victims of the Police wrath. Nor does he set a high value on his independent creed. Without any Compunctious visitings of nature he can disavow his creed if only he could be sure of being the better for it. The facility with which he became a life member of S. I. L. F. and dashed off to Nellore to attend the Confederation is yet another instance of this ecclecticism in politics. Perhaps the urge of ambition was all powerful. Perhaps the end in view justified the means. The leadership of the Justice Party was worth any sacrifice, even of life-long loyalties. Life is to the Doctor, as it was to Lord Birkenhead an adventure, a jolly scrap, a rough and tumble affair in which he will take who has the power and he will keep who can. No doubt he was disappointed. But dis appointments never disturb his equanimity. He is a true sportsman. He swallowed the disappointment along with an apple and returned home with the revived convictions of an 'independent.' The grapes might have been sour and he would not try for them again.

The diplomas and degrees that balast his name are more an appendix of his academic distinctions than an index of his profound erudition. In spite of his irresistible attractions for the 'Steel-frame' service he became a votary in the altar of the Inner Temple. Though he was called to the Bar, he never made it his calling. Politics are a profession to some and a hobby to others. Dr. Subbaroyan loves that hobby with passion. None had been less equipped than the Doctor when he accepted office but none was astuter and cleverer when he laid it down. No other Minister seems to have received a better discipline and schooling in his office. Oratory is an art utterly unknown to him. He would willingly subscribe to Mr. Baldwin's definition of it as the 'harlot of the arts'. Nor is he a fine debater. But he has trained himself to speak easily and well, simply and sensibly. He has covered miles on the high-road to speech-making during the period of his Ministry. It was, I believe in the year 1931 when Mr. Swami Venkatachalam Chetti made one of his best speeches condemning the police action. No one who heard that speech or witnessed the scene will ever forget either. The afternoon sun of Madras summer filtered into the sombre and crowded chamber. Expectant and anxious crowds filled up the Visitors', President's and Press galleries. Pin-drop silence prevailed throughout the House and every member was in his seat. There arose the Leader of the Opposition with solemnity and dignity quite in keeping with the occasion and made a speech seconding the resolution—a speech full of pathos, dignity and naturalness. It was brief but the very brevity was its virtue. No doubt the occasion lent it an austerity that is never his ordinary attribute. But it was one of his best performances.

Dr. Subbaroyan is no master of satire. Epigrams and aphorisms are alien to his speeches. He can neither lash nor stab with his tongue. Irony and wit are not his strong points. If ever he attempts them his success is doubtful. Replying to the discussion on his amendment to the White Paper in the Madras Council in March last, he quoted the Secretary of State and said that "many delegates (of the first R. T. C.) could not understand the complicated problems of federation and that there was a rush at the bookshops at London for purchasing books on federation and he hoped that among the many who purchased books, Sir Patro also counted himself as one." It was, however, not this feeble humour but the child-like reply of "No" by Sir Patro that created laughter in the council. In the wake of this ineffective humour he ventured on a stroke of sarcasm which was neither effective nor happy. He was glad he said that Sir Patro was not among them but there were people who did not take Sir Patro at his word. But when he has said an unpleasant thing the Doctor would willingly say 'Peccavi' like the honest Sir Austen Chamberlain. So he stood up and qualified or rath[er] explained himself by saying that [he] meant Sir Patro was not taken at [his] word with regard to the question [of] Federation.

He has no insatiable thirst [for] his enemies' blood. Vengence [or] vendetta never vitiate his mind. The hinterlands of his mind are not marred by dark woods and unhealthy marshes. You need not labouringly feel your way to his heart through a

(Continued on last page)

## NOTICE

All contributions and articles should be addressed to the Editor, the "Sunday Observer."

Contributions should be written only on one side of the paper. Those who desire the return of their articles in case of non-publication should send a stamped and addressed envelope.

All communications addressed to the Editor should bear the name and address of the writer for authentication.

Contributors are requested to be brief and to the point, owing to the limitation of space.

All cash remittances may kindly be made to the address of the manager.

EDITOR

## NOTICE

**Several applications are being made by gentlemen in several districts for the supply of the "Sunday Observer" without mentioning their addresses. They are therefore requested to furnish their names and addresses clearly and legibly written.**

MANAGER


# THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

**Stand upright; speak thy thought; declare**
**The truth thou hast that all may share;**
**Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;**
**They only live who dare.**

**SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1933.**


## SADHU SUNDER SINGH

HAS SADHU SUNDER SINGH, THE greatest saint of modern times, shaken off his mortal coils? Has the sublimest Sadhu that India has seen in recent years passed into the land of the spirit? It seems so. In 1929 he went to Tibet, the land of the mystic Llamas, and thence to the Silver Mountain, the abode of the Great Masters who rule the realm of the unknown, from whose bourn no traveller has ever returned to tell the tale of wonder and mystery. Some say that he is still living in the Himalayas and others that he has merged with the Infinite. There has always been an impression in the Oriental mind that great and holy men are not subject to the law of death. They simply vanish into the unknown, disappear into the unknowable. Saint Ramalingam, Saint Thayumanavar, Saint Pattinattar—holy men and true like these, legend says, did not die; they simply passed away without leaving any vestige of their mortal body. The sublimity of the thought and the beauty of the superstition is one that hangs like gossamer over Indian ...gend and irradiates many an accou... ...f men who have renounced the ...ld to find their soul. If Sadhu ...der Singh had been a Hindu, he ...ld have been made a god in ... Hindu pantheon. Such plainness ...ving and such highest thinking ...dia has rarely seen for more than a century. Gandhi may have neared the mark, but he has many of the faults of politicians, and he is arrogant, and dictatorial, and has a love for notoriety which only those who have understood him well can bear testimony to. Sadhu Sunder Singh never cared for anything except Truth and in his pursuit of it he has shown that even the India of the present day can produce men like Lord Buddha, like Lord Christ, who do not live for to-day, or tomorrow, but who live for eternity. To turn from the political turmoil and its jealousies, hatreds and heartburnings, to men like Sadhu Sunder Singh is a relief for the mind, a relaxation for the soul. Such calmness, such peace, such Christ—like patience, such harmony of the senses and serenity of the soul has never been so well self-evident as on the brow of Sadhu Sunder Singh. The autographed photograph of the Sadhu which we publish on another page, is the visible expression of a master mind which has always soared aloft high up above the snow-clad peaks. There have been Everest expeditions after Everest expeditions. But has the world ever cared to know that there is an ever-restless expedition to reach the pinnacle of perfection? It was in this that the Sadhu attained great success. When we think of him, we imagine a human embodiment of holiness, purity, patience, vigilance and humility. Christ was crucified in Calvary. Another Christ has been lost among the eternal Himalayas.

## THE FUTURE OF THE CONGRESS

WHAT IS GOING TO BE THE ATTITUDE of the Congress towards the next Reforms is the question that engages the attention of the public and the Government alike. As far as we have been able to gather, our information is that the Congress will not stand aloof and pursue the policy of defeatism which it continued to follow during the past decade. The Congressmen are of the mind that they should work the Reforms with a view to further the national interests. As an indication of this, we find that Mr. A. Rangaswamy Iyengar the talented Editor of the "Hindu," who can safely be described as a Congressman, has accepted the nomination to the Joint Parliamentary delegation. We do not believe that Congress can advance the national cause by pursuing a policy which is barren of constructive effort. We welcome the changed attitude of most of the Congressmen towards the Gandhian methods. We cannot achieve our political objects by introducing metaphysical shibboleths into our political struggle. In this connection we are reminded of the political philosophy of Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, who dominated this Presidency for over a decade, but who had sunk into oblivion owing to the ingratitude of his followers and jealousy of his colleagues. According to him there should be three parties in the country: one to have an external garb of extremism, another to pursue a policy of obstruction from within the Councils and another to work the Constitution, but all the three to work in perfect unison with each other. This may appear as an impossibility, but to us it appears quite possible, if only we have men who can place the interests of the country above self. Although we do not see eye to eye with the Congressmen today, we want them to return to sensible politics. We want them to leave Mr. Gandhi and his politics severely alone.

### VICEREGAL NEWS

(Associated Press)

Simla April 29.

His Highness the Maharaja Jamsaheb of Nawanagar and Mr. Rushbrook Williams have left Viceregal Lodge.

Their Excellencies lunched with His Excellency the Commander-in Chief in India at Snowdon.

### WHITE PAPER UNSATISFACTORY

#### BOMBAY PRESIDENCY ASSOCIATION'S RESOLUTION

(Associated Press)

Bombay, April 29.

The Council of the Bombay Presidency Association, in its meeting yesterday, adopted a resolution expressing dissatisfaction with the White Paper proposals and urging material alterations so as to conform to the demands of Indians, the failure to do which would increase discontent in the country.

### PUNJAB COMMUNAL FORMULA

#### LEADERS RETICENT

(Associated Press)

Lahore, Apr. 29.

No representative spokesman from among the Hindus, Muslims or Sikhs is willing to express any opinion on the Punjab communal formula stated to have been evolved as the result of negotiations at Lahore and Simla, but they all admitted that the negotiations were actually proceeding.

Sir Mohamed Iqbal, President of the All India Muslim Conference, said that a meeting of the Working Committee of the Conference will be called to consider the formula, if confirmation thereof was received in reply to his telegraphic enquiries, from Simla. A Similar meeting of the Sikhs had been called to consider the position tonight.

Malik Barkatali Bar-at-law(National Muslim Party) welcomed the formula and hoped it would lead to solution of political ills from which the province was suffering.

### DEATH AT THE POST OF DUTY

#### DETAILS AT THE BANGALORE TRAGEDY

(Associated Press)

Bangalore, Apr. 29.

The late Mr. Hoffland (44), Telegraph Engineering Supervisor, the victim of the lightning tragedy on Wednesday night, while camping at Erode Railway Compound, was an Anglo-Indian belonging to an old Vizagapatam family. A lineman who witnessed the tragedy, returned here to-day and narrated a pathetic account of how the faithful officer was struck down amidst his work. While preparing service messages, lightning descended and tore the tent, struck the watch on his left hand wrist, and travelling up the arm punctured the shoulder, and passed diagonally across the chest down the right leg completely charring the whole course of the circuit. Coolies camping in the neighbourhood were thrown down by terrible shock which rendered redhot 100 feet of railway line. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Hoffland and her eight children.

### BURMA GOVERNOR

(Associated Press)

Rangoon April 29.

H. E. The Governor accompanied by Captain Watkins, Private Secretary, and Captain Sinclair, Aide-De-Camp left tonight by the Mandalay Mail for Mandalay whence he motors to Maymyo.

Mrs. Maclamara, His Excellency's daughter, who arrived yesterday from India also accompained the party.

### LIVE CARTRIDGES IN TRAIN

#### ONE MAN ARRESTED ON SUSPICION

(Associated Press.)

Mymensingh, Apr. 29.

125 live cartridges were discovered by the Police from over a bunk, while searching a Dacca train at Shutikhali Station yesterday. One person was arrested on suspicion in this connection.

## TALK OF THE TOWN

**(BY NEWSMONGER)**

The news that is published in the local dailies that leave to presume the death of Sadhu Sundar Singh has been granted, is received by the general public with a widespread regret. Sadhu Sundar Singh, the correct interpreter of Christianity to Indians was a great saint, who has been held in high esteem by Hindus, Muhammadans, and Christians. He was a typical Sadhu of Indian conception. He interpreted Christianity in a manner that appealed very much to the Hindu mind. Such great holy men are respected not on account of their belonging to any particular religion as on account of their spotless character. Sadhu Sundar Singh lived a life of service and sacrifice. Your readers will be interested to know that the great saint went to the Himalayas four years ago but since then nothing has been heard of him.

I hear there is likely to be a public meeting in Madras, at which measures will be concerted to perpetuate his memory.

* * *

A considerable section of the Depressed Classes are for revision of the Poona Pact, on the lines suggested by Dr. Ambedkar. They whole-heartedly support the alternative proposal put forth by Dr. Ambedkar. They see no prospect of improvement of their position under the Poona Pact. On the other hand, they apprehend exploitation of their interests by the high-caste Hindus. They feel that they gained nothing under the Pact; except that they were dubbed Harijans and that in their name some unemployed high-caste Hindus have been able to solve their unemployment problem. They would feel very grateful to Mahatma Gandhi and to the so-called Harijan Seva Sangh if they are left to themselves, to look after their interests. They say "no more exploitation please! We have had enough of the Harijana Seva Bunkam!"

* * * *

I heard in the Club the other day while I was having my tea, a prominent member of the Club say, that "Searchlight's" attack on the Services Commission was quite good except that there wes a small misstatement of fact with regard to the vacancies in the Law College. There were not two vacancies as stated in the article but only one. For one vacancy two people were selected by the Services Commission and both of them belong to that happy community, which has enjoyed unquestioned monopoly of the Services till the advent of the Justice Party. The Commissioners were judicious in their selection; because they feared that if they'selected one Brahmin and one Non-Brahmin, the communal-minded Ministry might take in the Non-Brahmin applicant and leave out the Brahmin gentleman. The Madras Services Commission has determined to see that the services are nationalised by purging all Non-Brahmin element. All glory unto the Almighty Trio that adorn the Services Commission.

* * * *

Day before yesterday I attended a meeting convened by the City S.I.L.F. Branch and the Non-Brahmin Youth League to celebrate the Anniversary of the late Sir Theagarya. The attendance at the meeting in the beginning was not satisfactory. The President of the meeting Rao Bahadur Dr. C. Natesa Mudaliar and a few others, who believe in the ideals and principles of the Party, were present. The time of the meeting announced was at 5-30 p.m. but till 6 p.m. there was no quorum. By this your readers can very well ima-

(Continued on page 7)

# DIVERSION OF TRADE FROM BOMBAY

## VIGOROUS PLEA FOR PROMPT MEASURES

### MR. MATHURDAS VASSANJI'S SPEECH

(Associated Press)

Bombay, April 29.

A vigorous plea for adopting immediate and prompt measures to combat the increasing diversion of trade from Bombay Port to other ports, particularly those of Kathiawar, was made by Mr. Mathurdas Vassanji, Vice-President of the Indian Merchants' Chamber, in the course of his speech at the first annual general meeting of the Chamber this afternoon.

Mr. Vassanji expressed the opinion that the Bombay Port Trust could not be exonerated from the blame regarding decline in the trade of the city, as facilities offered by Port Trust authorities were costlier than those offered by Kathiawar Ports.

Instancing heavy charges levied by the Bombay Port Trust, the speaker mentioned that, while merchants had spent Rs. 733 for sending hundred bales of cotton from Bombay Port to Ahmedabad, the same number of bales could be sent through Bhavanagar Port at less than half the cost (Rs. 343). Besides such glaring difference in costs, the Bhavanagar Port was offering other concessions and facilities with the result that merchants naturally diverted the trade to that port with consequent loss to Bombay. Therefore, unless and until the Bombay Port Trust Administration realised the seriousness of the situation and reduced its dues, the Bombay Port Trust which once prided itself as a premier port along with the trade of the city, would sink down which would naturally affect the prosperity of the presidency adversely.

Dealing with the White Paper, he said that the mercantile community would not be satisfied until and unless India was given a constitution analogous to those of the Dominions with full effective transfer of power to the people.

The speaker subjected the Finance Member's Budget proposals to a severe criticism and regretted the non-reduction of surcharges, incometax, postal rates etc., before the restoration of five per cent cut to Government services.

**GOLD EXPORT**

Condemning the policy of continuing the export of gold, he said that no responsible government would have done so, particularly in view of the fact that the establishment of a Reserve Bank depended on gold reserves. Dealing with international trade conditions, he hoped that the Vienna Congress would devise ways and means of improving international trade.

Referring to the Indian Delegation to the World Economic Conference, he said that the Delegation should be such as will have the confidence of the commercial community.

## NEW MAYOR OF CALCUTTA

### MR. S. K. BASU ELECTED

(Associated Press)

Calcutta, April 29.

Mr. Santoshkumar Basu, Congress nominee, and ex-Deputy Mayor, was elected Mayor of Calcutta Corporation this evening. He secured 48 votes against 38 secured by Khan Bahadur Abdul Memon, ex-Divisional Commissioner, nominee of the Coalition party.

Haji Abdur Razak, ex-Deputy Mayor, Congress nomiee was elected Deputy Mayor defeating Muhamed Safiq, Coalition Party nominee.

After the election, the Mayor and Deputy Mayor were conducted to their seats by Mrs. J. M. Sen-Gupta and garlanded amidst cheers, following which Mr. J. S. Gupta on behalf of the United Congress party welcomed Messrs. Basu and Razak.

## MR. SHAUKAT ALI

### SPEECH AT AHMEDABAD

(Associated Press)

Ahmedabad, April 29.

Maulana Shaukat Ali who arrived here this evening was given a rousing reception by a large crowd assembled at the station which took him in a procession through the city.

The Moslem Political Conference over which the Maulana presides, commences session tonight.

"After seeing Dr. Ansari, Dr. Sherwani, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Pundit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and other friends at Delhi, I will proceed to Simla and beg of Lord Willingdon to conciliate India in the interests of England," declared Moulana Shaukat Ali presiding over the Gujarat Moslem Political Conference which was held tonight.

## DHAMMAPALA DEAD

### FOUNDER OF MAHABODHI SOCIETY

(Associated Press)

Benares, April, 29.

The Venerable Sri Devmitta Dhammapala, Founder and Director-General of the Mahabodhi Society, and Budhist Mission in England, who was suffering from pneumonia expired this afternoon at three at Sarnath near Benares.

These were the last words of Dhammapala, "Let me die soon, Let me be reborn, I can no longer prolong my agony, I would like to be born again twenty five times for the spread of the Lord Buddha's Dharma."

(Continued from page 6)

gine the sincerity of the Partymen towards their dead Leader. Perhaps they think that no useful purpose would be served in attending a meeting which is intended to celebrate the Anniversary of a dead man. A friend of mine was telling me that a dead person can be of no assistance in getting a title of a Rao Sahib or a Dewan Bahadur to any living and moving personality of the Party. When the meeting commenced, Dr. Natesan was in a reminiscent mood and he narrated half the history of the Party, and he was followed by Mrs. Alamelumangathayarammal who completed the rest of the half. The Kumararajah of Chettinad who addressed the meeting made an excellent speech. It was considered by all those present as a first-rate political speech. It was appreciated much and to some that speech appeared to be a very diplomatic one. Mr. Chakkarai Chetty who addressed the meeting, began by observing that there should be a new orientation of the policy of the Party to capture the imagination of the people. He also said "I do not believe in the Round Table Conferences, in the White Paper and things of that sort. They are a huge waste of public money. I am a Bolshevist and I believe in the principles of Bolshevism personally, although I do not preach them here." When he was remarking thus, another friend in a very jocular manner expressed that he also did not believe in conferences, councils and corporations and asked why Mr. Chettiar continued to be a member of the Corporation. I told him if Mr. Chettiar had been selected for representing either the Labour or Indian Christian Community at any of the Round Table Conferences, he would neither have been a Bolshevist nor would he have denounced the Conferences. That is the secret why he spoke thus. And a few others addressed the meeting and among them Mr. K. M. Balasubramaniam's speech was very much appreciated.

# ENDLESS TALK IN BURMA COUNCIL

## GOVERNOR SAYS, "ENOUGH"

### SEPARATION OR FEDERATION ISSUE

(Associated Press)

Rangoon, Apr. 29.

When the Legislative Council resumed sitting to-day, the President informed the House the result of party leaders meeting which was held yesterday, when it was unanimously agreed that extension of the present session was essential to decide finally the question of separation or Federation.

The President said he had now received a letter from H.E. the Governor stating that the session had now lasted for four days, and it seemed desirable to fix some limit. His Excellency understood that some leaders were unanimous in thinking that, by the 6th of May, the Council would have had ample opportunity to carry out the purpose for which the session had been called namely, give a clear and direct reply to the choice of alternatives offered by His Majesty's Government.

His Excellency therefore requeste the President, if the business was n finished before the 6th May, to promu gate His Excellency's order proroguing the Council.

The Finance Member asked the President whether he contemplated fixing limit to the lengthy speeches.

The President replied that the rules did not empower him to do so.

On the debate being resumed, three separationists and four anti-separationists spoke covering the whole day.

S. R. A. Shwe Ba-Karen (Round Tabler) favoured separation.

U Tun Lin (Separationist) pointed out that all lands were now in the hands of money lenders and that after separation lands would come back to Burmese hands and cited Ireland's example. Anti-separationist speakers disliked the attacks levelled against Indians by separationists.

The dabate was adjourned till Monday.

## CONJEEVERAM

### APPOINTMENT OF AN ELECTRIC ENGINEER

(From our correspondent)

Conjeeveram, April 27

The question of appointing an Electrical Engineer in the place of Mr. Kalapes, who has been persecuted by the present Chairman and his party for no fault of his, except that he was appointed by Rao Bahadur Sambasivam Chettiar during his term of Chairmanship, came up for discussion at an ordinary meeting of the Municipal Council held yesterday evening. The Chairman Mr. Swaminatha Mudaliar presided over the meeting. Dr. P. S. Sreenivasan moved that Mr. Krishnan be appointed Electrical Engineer forthwith. Mr. T. Venkachariar moved an amendment that all the applications now with the Chairman should be sent to the Government Electrical Engineer and he be requested to send in at least three qualified names and the subject to lie over till then. Mr. Venkatachariar's amendment was put to vote and carried, 16 voting for and 14 against.

**A Motor Accident**

A panchama boy aged 8 was knocked down by the mud-guard of a car at 12 noon on the 25th instant in Hodgsonpet. He was removed to the hospital forthwith where he is being treated.

**Constable in Trouble**

Charges under Section 323 I. P. C. were framed against Syed Ahmed, a Police constable of Conjeeveram by Mr. Krishnamachariar, Sub Magistrate, Chingleput for alleged causing hurt to one Nagappa Naicken in January last. Nagappa Naicken who subsequently died in the local Government hospital, it was alleged, had accused the constable, in his dying declaration, of causing hurt to him. So far 12 prosecution witnesses were examined.

Mr. Ramanuja Ayyangar conducted the prosecution whileMr. M. Srinivasa Ayyangar defended the accused.

## HAILSTORM HAVOC IN ANANTAPUR

(From our correspondent)

Anantapur, Apr. 27.

A large number of trees have fallen and considerable damage was caused to life and property and half a dozen people have been injured owing to the recent hailstorm at this place.

## NOTHING DOING

An ambitious hostess was introduced to a distinguished singer. She asked him to sing at a party she was giving, and he inquired what fee she would pay. She offered him two guineas.

"What you want, madam," said the singer, "is a town crier or a muffin-man."

## M. N. ROY.

(Associated Press)

Allahabad, April 29.

M. N. Roy, the hearing of whose appeal has just concluded, was taken back this evening to the Bareilly Central Jail under Police escort.

## TAXI DRIVER ARRESTED

### LOADED REVOLVER IN HAND

(Associated Press.)

Calcutta April 29.

Amarsingh, a Sikh taxi-driver, was arrested to day near the Victoria Memorial Hall in the maidan, while in possession, it is alleged, of a five chambered fully loaded revolver.

## ENOUGH

The solicitor made his way to the edge of the excavation and called down for Michael Finnerty.

"Who's wantin' me?" inquired a deep voice.

"I am," said the solicitor. "It is my duty to inform you that your Aunt Kate has died, leaving you an estate of two thousand pounds. Please come on up."

There was a pause and a commotion down below.

"Mr. Finnerty," called the solicitor, "I'm waiting for you!"

"In wan minute," said Finnerty. "I just stopped to lick the foreman!"

For six months Finnerty lived a life of luxury and ease. Then he went back to his old job. It was in the same excavation that the solicitor found him the second time.

"Mr. Finnerty," he said, "I've more news for you. Your Uncle Terence is dead now, and he has left you all his property."

"I don't think I can take it," said Finnerty, leaning wearily on his pick. "I'm not as strong as I was, and I'm doubtin' if I could go through all that again and live!"

• • •

## USELESS

A certain barrister was notoriously soft-hearted. He was sitting in court one day when a struggling member of the Bar undertook to read a petition in a divorce, suit, and speedily got himself tangled up in a confused maze of legal phrases. The judge attempted to put the young man right, but the only result was to tangle him worse than ever. The judge was showing signs of losing his temper when the barrister arose.

"I hope," he said, "your lordship will bear patiently with our young friend here. He is doing his best."

"I know that," said the judge, testily, "and I intend to bear patiently with him. I am merely trying to give Mr. Blank an idea."

"Your lordship," said the barrister, "don't do it. He's got no place to put it."

• • •

## BUMP!

A very stout man mounted the scales of a weighing machine and dropped a penny in the slot. There was a clanking and rattling, and finally the pointer came to a standstill not f from the twenty-stone mark.

There was an unseen witness to the cer and as the big man woefully contemplate result, the voice of a small boy piped fr behind him:—

"Say, mister, how many times did i round?"

# BOXER'S £4,200 LOVE AFFAIR

## BROKEN ROMANCE OF CARNERA AND FORMER WAITRESS

### ARDENT LETTERS READ TO COURT

In the estimation of a jury in the King's Bench Division, damages to the extent of £4,200 were sustained by a former restaurant waitress of Soho as the result of the shattering of her dreams of marriage with Primo Carnera, the giant Italian boxer.

How a love affair between the two came to naught was revealed before Mr. Justice Branson and a jury when the young woman claimed damages against Carnera for breach of promise.

The case lasted two hours, and for a great part of that time the Court listened to the reading of long extracts from a pile of letters in which, counsel stated, Carnera "expressed in imaginative and picturesque language his deep affection for the girl."

The boxer himself was not represented at the hearing, nor was he present in court.

## MET IN A RESTAURANT

### SHEAF OF LETTERS DURING FIGHTING TOUR

### "I SWEAR THAT YOU ALONE WILL BE MY WIFE"

A meeting that took place three years ago in a Soho restaurant paved the way to romance in the course of which Carnera, in a latter, swore, "on the head of his mother," to "love for ever."

Miss Emelia Tersini, 22 who lives with her mother in Meard-street, Soho, formerly a waitress in a Soho restaurant.

An attractive girl of small stature, with a pale, oval face, Miss Tersini sat at the back of the court with her mother and two girl friends while her counsel, Mr. W. T. Monckton, K. C., presented her case in support of the claim for breach of promise.

Mr. Monckton, who held a bundle of type-written foolscap papers—the translated copies of letters—remarked that as Carnera had not chosen to appear to defend it could be taken for granted that he admitted the promise to marry, so that the only question for the jury was one of damages.

Mr. Monckton mentioned that Miss Tersini was the daughter of Italian parents and was born in London. In August, 1929, she was a waitress in a Soho restaurant, and Carnera came in for a meal and she served him.

He showed her much attention, and she took him home to introduce him to her mother. He became a frequent visitor to the house and was welcomed.

In November of that year he verbally promised to marry the young woman, Mrs. Tersini's consent being readily given.

To mark the engagement Carnera presented his sweetheart with two rings.

About Christmas, 1929, remarked counsel, he was not quite the famous figure he subsequently became, so he went off to America to endeavour to obtain the heavy-weight championship. He informed Miss Tersini he would be away for a year and, when he returned, he would marry her.

Mr. Monckton then read portions of the letters written by Carnera while abroad.

**"Your Primo for Life"**

In some he sent "a world of ardent kisses," and called himself "your Primo for life." He spoke of "kissing your dear portrait with passion." The first letter ran :—

My dearest Emelia for life. Whenever we are apart I experience an extraordinary melancholy feeling. I cannot sleep at night. My thought is always of you, because you can see that you have taken the whole of my heart and the whole of my life, and I love you with all my love. Have trust in me, for a day will come when we shall no longer be separated, and that day I don't think is so far distant, as I told you. Have patience for another year.

On Jan. 11, 1930, he wrote :—

Adored Emelia. Your Primo suffers to death at being so far distant from you. You must be strong, as it requires much courage for both of us. One year passes soon. . . . You can trust in your Primo, because he loves you and adores you with all the strength of his heart and soul.

Referring to a contest from which he had emerged victorious, Carnera wrote from Chicago on Jan. 25, 1930 :—

The fact that I did win I owe a little to you. Your soul was here and said to me, "Go on, Primo, go ahead with strength and courage, because it is your Emelia who sends to you to tell you so, and you must make a good job of it." Then, you can believe me, I went at it like a lion, and, a minute afterwards, my opponent was already at my feet. . . . I want people to say, "Just look at Carnera's wife ; how nice she is, and what a nice deportment she has. At least that girl is worthy of him."

Carnera told Miss Tersini that he kept and read her letters, because he was then better at once They gave him energy, he averred.

From New York on Feb. 2, 1930, he sent the following :—

I love you for evermore. You can live tranquilly, for I shall not have another girl but you, because, they are all an aversion to me. They all frighten me, and I swear to you before God that you alone will be my wife one year from now.

The next letter, from Memphis, Tennessee, commenced by calling Miss Tersini "Emelia, my star."

**Hope of Championship.**

The epistle went on :—

If I wanted to, I could have a fight every day. You can be sure I am earning a lot of money, and I have had a tremendous success. I hope that in six or ten months I shall be champion of the world.

While at New Orleans, in February, 1930, Carnera expressed hope that the "cursed year" would pass quickly, when they would be settled in their "nice little nest of love."

The next letter ran :—

Emelia, my only love,—My manager tells me that when we are married you and I will make a tour of the world together for a year with him and his wife, and that will serve as our honeymoon voyage. We shall also go and see my mama, who likes you very much, and my papa, my house, and we shall also see your uncles and aunts.

Carnera called Miss Tersini his "much desired wife." From Los Angles on April 1, 1930, he wrote :—

Dear, never-to-be-forgotten love,—You no doubt know that here I am the most popular man in the world. They call for me here and there, this way and that, and I no longer know where to go. The day before yesterday I received an offer to go to Hollywood to make a film with Lon Chaney.

Later Carnera wrote expressing anxiety about Miss Tersini working so hard in a restaurant. She had been earning about £3 10s. or more a week, and to please him, she secured a post at a big store at 15s. a week.

From California on May 2, 1930, came a letter saying:—

You shall come out here with me at Hollywood, where I am the owner of land and 36 houses occupied by people who pay me rent. All the people the richest in the world are here. All the greatest cinema artists in the world invite me to their houses. We shall be able to invite the greatest artists to our house, and when they see you I want them to say, "Oh, what a beautiful girl has Primo for his wife."

All those remarks, Mr. Monckton commented, proved that Carnera intended at that time to marry Miss Tersini.

## IGNORED AT DANCE

### STORY OF MOTHER'S COOLNESS TOWARDS SON'S FIANCEE

Counsel went on to say that from Salt Lake City, in May, 1930, Carnera wrote in a peculiar way. He began, "My dear, unforgettable love," and continued:—

You must say to yourself, "I begin now to understand the true story of Carnera. He has promised to love me for life, but he will place me aside in a corner as a useless thing for in America there is no shortage of pretty girls." But that is not true, my treasure. You are merely imagining things and may injure our unforgettable love. I swear to you by the Holy God and by the head of my mother and by all things which I hold truest in the world, that I will never forget you as long as my eyes remain open. When I come to Europe you shall have whatever you want. You shall have a nice motorcar and a beautiful little house.

"Such were the vain promises Carnera made to a simple girl in a restaurant," observed counsel contemptuously.

From Chicago, in August, 1930, Carnera wrote calling himself "Your fiance now and in five months your husband Primo for eternity. I long to see you and tell you all the love with which I cherish you."

Mr. Monckton then read a letter Miss Tersini wrote to Carnera congratulating him on a victory. It ran:—

My Adored Love,—This morning I received your telegram saying you had won in three rounds. Bravo, my Primo! In another four months I shall have you with me. To think I shall be able to see you and have you in my arms and enjoy your kisses I think I shall die of joy.

In November, 1930, Mr. Monckton related, Miss Tersini went with Mme. See, the wife of Carnera's manager, to watch Carnera fight in Barcelona.

**Regarded as Future Wife**

After Carnera had won his contest a luncheon was given in his honour. Miss Tersini attended as his fiancee, and was photographed with him. At that time, Mr. Monckton remarked, there was no doubt, that she was being publicly regarded as his future wife.

In February, 1931, counsel continued, Carnera's letters came less frequently, but they were still full of affection. Miss Tersini wrote to him reproachfully:—

If you have just one minute of time, do write to me. Oh, Primo dear, why do you want to make me suffer? Believe me, I do not deserve it, for you have my life and my love.

He answered from Florida :—

My dear Emelia, you ask me if I still love you as I did. No, dear, I no longer love you as did in days past, but as nobody else could love you in the whole world. I urge you, Emelia mine, not to worry, for if you suffer so do I. When I say a thing I do not mean another, for my word is golden and worth more than any contract.

Another of Miss Tersini's letters contained the following ; "My dear one,—For us the day will come which we desire. Oh, how my little heart beats with ardent love, and never can anything in the world extinguish its flame.".

Letters between the pair continued with considerable affection until Dec. 15, 1931, proceeded Mr. Monckton.

In response to Carnera's request Miss Tersini accompanied his brother Secondi to their home in Italy for Christmas. He met her there and wrote to her mother sending her a million kisses "From him, and his beloved Emeila."

For the first few days of Miss Tersini's stay, said counsel, Mrs Carnera seemed pleased with the girl, but after that she turned against her, and at Carnera's request Miss Tersini returned to London.

He promised to see her there when he had carried through a fight in Paris. After the contest, however, he went to Berlin and Miss Tersini followed him. She was told when she asked for him at his hotel that he did not want to be disturbed.

Carnera hurried to Paris by an early train, and again she followed. There she insisted on seeing him, and he then told her that his mother objected to the engagement as her (plaintiff's) standing and character were not compatible with his temperament.

So, observed counsel, he jilted the girl whom he had asked to share his life and to whom he had offered so many attractions.

**Letter Unanswered**

After that Miss Tersini wrote asking Carnera what he intended to do, but received no answer. Later, in London, she saw him at a dance and he ignored her.

She then consulted her solicitors, to whose letter Carnera replied, "I have always stated publicly that I could not marry until my athletic career is over, and I have not altered that intention.

Mr. Monckton added that Miss Tersini had, in his opinion, been shabbily treated. She was now conducting a teashop with a friend, with the monetary assistance of relations.

Giving evidence in corroboration of her counsel's statement, Miss Tersini said that in Paris Carnera told her that he wished to finish their friendship.

Summing up, Mr. Justice Branson remarked that some of the jury might think that by not entering into a loveless marriage a woman had gained something. "That," he added "may be so, but there is another side.

"A promise of marriage is a contract in law, and the person who breaks it is liable in damages. You have to take into consideration the kind of life Carnera offered this girl. You will consider his position and the pecuniary loss she has sustained, as well as the loss of amenities which marriage with him may have entailed.

"There is no suggestion that her character has been injured. But you can have regard to the injury to her feelings and the annoyance she has experienced by finding that, after her engagement to him had been publicly made known, the wedding would not come off."

The jury then returned a verdict for Miss Tersini for £4,200, and judgment was entered for her with costs.

## PLAN TO REOPEN CASE

### BOXER DECLARES "I AM NOT GUILTY OF BREACH"

When spoken to in Naples about the verdict against him, Carnera stated : "I am not guilty of breach of promise.

"I always told Miss Tersini that I would keep my promise as soon as my career was concluded.

"I intend to get the case reopened as soon as I have enough money.

"At the moment I have no property because long ago I gave my mother the little house which I built at Sequals, my birthplace."

Until he was in a position to reopen the case Carnera intimated that he would give England a wide berth, even if offered a large sum of money to appear.

He added : "I thank heaven that I am now in Italy, where the law is different."

According to legal experts, if Carnera remains abroad there is no international law which can be employed to make him pay the damages.

"The romance was wrecked by mischief-makers," declared the mother of Miss Tersini. "I think my daughter is still fond of Carnera, and if there is no more interference I think they may yet marry."—(News of the World).

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH—A great saint, leave to presume whose death has been granted. He left for Himalayas four years ago and nothing has been heard of him since.

# Short Story

## JAGADISA SASTRI'S DREAM

### BY CHAKRAVARTI RAJAGOPALACHARI

Jagadisa Sastri went as a cook with barrister Paramasiva Sarma to Rangoon in 1890. Within five years Mr. Sarma became famous and got a large practice. With increasing practice he took to English ways, including diet, until finally in 1900 he preferred to engage a pariah cook and dispensed with Jagadisa Sastri's services. Mr. Paramasiva Sarma was a good man and continued to give Jagadisa Sastri his full salary as a sort of pension. In his native district, he was still known as Sarma's cook. Jagadisa Sastri belonged to a *purohit* family and had a smattering of *mantras*. He now reinforced these with the aid of a printed book and set up as a *purohit* in Rangoon. This was a paying profession. Somehow, he saved enough money to lend out for interest. People hinted that he had made money even when he was with barrister Sarma as cook. Anyway, in 1909 he was a wealthy man. Some said he had a lakh in the bank, others said it was an exaggeration. Jagadisa Sastri was a bachelor. When he left barrister Sarma and became a *purohit*, he was 43 years old. It was then that his mind turned to marriage. But for one reason or another, nothing came out of it for many years. Then in 1909, Jagadisa Sastri came to India, to invest money in land in Tanjore district. He was then 52. He had given up the idea of marrying and was thinking of adopting a boy to inherit his property and do the rites that must be done to save one from perdition. The *Mahamagha* at Kumbakonam was coming off that year. Jagadisa Sastri stayed on for it and spent a week at Kumbakonam. In the vast crowds that had gathered there was a family that came in close touch with Jagadisa Sastri, and this brought about a great change in his life.

Nageswara Iyer and his three beautiful girls who had come for the *Mahamagha* festival attracted Jagadisa Sastri's notice and attention He said he was a jeweller and insurance agent. His native district was North Arcot. He had lived long in the Northern Circars and then in Calcutta. Two of his daughters were married but the third was yet to be given away. Jagadisa Sastri was 52, but was in the enjoyment of vigorous health. Nageswara Iyer said he looked like 38 or 40 at the most. The girl was 14 and good-looking. She played on the violin like a professional. Everything was settled. Jagadisa Sastri was to pay Rs. 6000/-to meet an urgent demand from the Insurance Company Office that Mr. Nageswara Iyer had to meet, and the wedding was to be done at Tirupati immediately without any pomp or elaboration of ceremony, as he had at once to go back and report himself at the Calcutta Insurance Office. The money was paid and the wedding was over, and Jagadisa Sastri returned to Rangoon with his wife. He did not hear anything more from his father-in-law. It was strange, but he reconciled himself to it.

II

Within two years, Jagadisa Sastri had a son whom they named Ramachandra. The boy grew up and monopolised all the attention of the father. The wife was good and faithful for some two years; but after that there was scandal which reached even Jagadisa Sastri's ears. Matters became worse and worse. In 1918, Mrs. Jagadisa Sastri disappeared with her favourite violin and a lot of jewellery and loose cash, and Jagadisa Sastri was left disconsolate.

The boy was now seven years old, reading in the school, and the problem of bringing him up occupied the father's mind and gradually he learned to be happy. He still did *purohit* work off and on to a select circle of friends, and this helped, too, to make him forget his domestic unhappiness. The boy read well and passed his examinations. In 1930 when Jagadisa Sastri went to India again after a long absence, Ramachandra was 19 years old and had passed the Calcutta B. A.

Jagadisa Sastri was now old, but still active. He was 74, but he could walk ten miles at a stretch, wash his own clothes and never fell ill. He claimed that this was due to his long *Bramhacharya*

Jagadisa Sastri had a cousin on his mother's side whose son was now a leading lawyer in Madras. People expected him to be appointed Advocate-General at the next chance. C. V. Sitaramayyar was his name. When Mr. Sitaramayyar's wife saw Jagadisa Sastri's son, she made up her mind that her daughter Parvati should marry the young man. "He is handsome, he has passed his B. A." she said to herself, "and he could be sent to England for the I. C. S. If only the match could be settled."

The matter was broached and everyone was agreeable. There was only one difficulty. This was the wretched "Sarda Act." The girl had only just passed 11 years, and it would be a scandal if the would-be Advocate-General broke the law. Mrs. Sitaramayyar was, however, too determined a lady to be daunted by law. She proposed that the wedding should be celebrated in an Indian State. At first Mr. Sitaramayyar looked very favourably on this suggestion, but that evening in the Club, the news had got out somehow.

"They say you are going to Pudukottah for your girl's marriage" asked Mr. Panikkar.

"No" said Sitaramayyar, "there is no truth in the story. After that emphatic denial, his legal conscience was made up against the proposal.

Mrs. Sitaramayyar was, however, obdurate. "Are we to be such fools as to be cheated out of a good son-in-law by this new Act of yours,' she asked.

What does it matter? There are ever so many boys."

"Nonsense. This careless and easy talk is no good.' said the firm lady.

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"I suggest you should fix everything up in writing and take the boy over. Send him to England for the I. C. S. at our expense. Let the actual marriage be done three years hence."

This was quite a practical proposal, Jagadisa Sastri enthusiastically welcomed the arrangement. Every thing was done to carry it out. All were happy, except the young man who did not like the face of the girl, but he kept quiet when he saw that his father had made up his mind. Moreover, he liked the idea of going to England for the I. C. S.

III

Ramachandra had been now two years in England. Old Jagadisa Sastri was back in Rangoon and was feeling lonely. His mind wandered back to the woman that had been wife to him and mother to his boy. She could have continued to be with him on her own terms. After all, what does scandal matter in a place like Rangoon, where, even though you may live for forty years, you are only a bird of passage. Suppose she came back now, would he take her into his home? It would be impossible, he said to himself, yet on second thoughts, he asked himself again, 'why not? what about Ahalya, Tara and others?'

Thus his mind was overwrought, and he thought he was ill. He consulted the doctor, who said there was nothing the matter but that it would be good if he went over to India. "After all, Sastrigal, this is not our country. You are old. Why not settle down in your own village and have the society of our own folk? You have got money. Your son will soon come back from England." Jagadisa Sastri agreed, and that week sailed off to Madras. He was a deck passenger as was his habit always, for why should money be wasted on higher class, when he was quite happy III class?

A strange idea seized him—that one of the second class passengers looked like his lost wife. Of course there was some difference, but she must be now fifteen years older, and that explained it. The resemblance was too great to be an accident. He took every opportunity to observe her. On the last day of the voyage he was almost certain it was she. When the porters were about to take her things away and she was getting the last piece of luggage picked up, Jagadisa Sastri stood in front of her. The two stared at each other for a moment, neither wincing. "Do you want to seen me? Then come to 114, Angappa Naik Street," said the woman. "Very well," said Jagadisa Sastri, "So it is you."

"Yes, it is I" she said and laughed.

IV

Jagadisa Sastri went straight to Mr. Sitaramayyar's house, where Mrs. Sitaramayyar treated him with all the honours of a *Sambandi*, though the alliance was yet an agreement to be executed.

The air was thick with temple-entry for Harijans. Wherever he went, this was the one talk among the people. "*Sanatana Dharma* is gone" said his friends, and Jagadisa Sastri, too, felt the same.

"Why did you all let the Sarda Act pass? This is the result." said Mrs. Sitaramayyar.

"Nonsense, what has that to do with this question?" said Sitaramayyar.

"It is all one. You encouraged the breakers of custom."

"There is much in what she says," said Jagadisa Sastri.

"You began with going to Rangoon" said a wicked young junior lawyer in Mr. Sitaramayyar's office.

"What is the use of such talk? Is there no difference between going to Rangoon or even England for livelihood and this wholly mischievous wanton attack on our temples?" shouted Mr. Jagadisa Sastri.

"After all, there are only four *varnas* in the *Shastras*. There is no authority for the fifth *varna* you have made. Why should we not treat these people as belonging to the *varna* of their occupation?" asked the junior lawyer.

"There is nothing so dangerous as a little knowledge. You have read some English translations and talk like one that has crossed the ocean of Sanskrit learning. The original creation was the four separate *varnas*. Then came the mixed *varnas* and their progeny. The *pratiloma* unions brought into existence the *Jati Chandalas*."

"Sastrigal means to say that God's calculations failed. Then the *Pariah*, the *Chakli*, and the *Palla* are all descendants of high caste brahmin mothers. Were our grandmothers' cousins so bad?" asked the young lawyer.

"We cannot analyse these things now," said Sastriar in a tone of indignation. "*Smriti* after *Smriti* has laid down that the *Chandalas* are the progeny of the *pratiloma* unions. You cannot ask us to prove things that have been accepted and admitted for generations. Can we prove that we are brahmins except in that way?"

"The trouble is that they want legislation. We have no objection to uplift work and persuasion" said the junior lawer, yielding to Sitaramayyar's stern looks.

"Of course not. Who objects to their distribution of funds and giving them every kind of assistance? We object only to interference with religion," said Jagadisa Sastri.

"What is religion?" asked the junior lawyer, falling back into intellectual scepticism.

"Enough" said Sitaramayyar. "It is nearing ten and we have to get ready to go to Court. We can talk philosophy later.'

When Sitaramayyar and his juniors went away to the High Court, Jagadisa Sastri went to 114, Angappa Naik Street.

V

Jagadisa Sastri looked ten years older as he stood at the booking office and bought a ticket for Benares.

"What route are you taking, grandfather?" asked the booking clerk.

No one had yet called him by that name. He was used to being called 'Uncle', but not by this name that endearingly reminded one of the certain event that awaited old age.

"Any route! give me the shortest route. Let me reach soon and wash my sins off."

Jagadisa Sastri had met the lady in 114, Angappa Naik Street. It was his wife, but what a revelation! Truth is ever stranger than fiction.

Nageswara Iyer, the jeweller and insurance agent, his supposed father-in-law, who had disappeared, was no Iyer or jeweller, but a barber Naga of Tiruvalur who had settled down in Calcutta,-having gone there with Assistant Accountant-General Tyagaraja Iyer. He did a thriving business with his Hair Cutting Saloon and lived with a young brahmin woman who had been widowed and left destitute in Calcutta and had fallen into bad ways. Naga got children by her. Mrs. Jagadisa Sastri was the third daughter. The father was alive and in prison in Lahore, undergoing a long term of imprisonment for false personation and cheating. Mrs. Jagadisa Sastri had wandered with dramatic troupes and had now joined a Film Company and was in Madras to play Savitri's part. She was very well off and fairly happy and did not want any help. Jagadisa Sastri was prepared to be heavily blackmailed, but God was merciful and did not put such thoughts in the woman's mind.

"I have cheated you. May God forgive my poor father. Go to Benares and may mother *Ganga* take pity on you and wash the sin from off your old head," she said.

Old Jagadisa Sastri wept like a child and the wife wiped the tears off his face with her *saree* end.

"Who created these castes? It is false. It is not Brahma's, but men's doing, said Jagadisa Sastri, as he hugged his refound wife.

The woman smiled and said, "That won't do. I am not fit to be touched by you. The sins I have on my head are enough to sink ten generations."

The old man recoiled. Dramatic troupes and Film Companies! He had heard about them. She was probably not speaking exaggeration when she confessed thus. He thought of his son in Cambridge, his expected return in a couple of months, when the marriage with Sitaramayyar's daughter was to come off. And how was this to come about if it got known that he was the son of this lost woman? What was the boy's caste? Would Mrs. Sitaramayyar permit it? His head felt like bursting and he went down the steps, reeling and holding on to the railing.

VI

The train was taking Jagadisa Sastri to Benares. This was his second night in the train and he was fast asleep. The fellow passengers had taken pity on his old age and allowed him room to lie down and sleep. He was dreaming a terrible dream.

* * *

Ramachandra, his son, had returned, but instead of being a nice boy and an I.C.S., he was a pariah boy! Strange transformation, but Jagadisa Sastri felt the same love for him as before and he wandered with him in search of a bride and of employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Sitaramayyar had turned them out of the house, and the gardener, the scavenger and chauffeur all joined, and grinning and shouting, chased the old man and his son out and a crowd gathered. He jumped into a running cart and escaped from the pursuing crowd. Then the scene changed. He was in his native village. His relations found out that he had a pariah son in hiding and turned him out. He went to Madras again. He was in a bus. The conductor asked who the boy was. "He is a *chandala*!" shouted an old brahmin with a *rudraksha mala* round his neck. 'Take him out" exclaimed the others in the bus including a Musalman. They pulled the boy down and the old man, too, jumped down, and they both ran for shame into a lane.

The scene changed. "Can you not take my son as your clerk?" he asked Sitaramayyar. It was Mr. Sitaramayyar's office room in Luz, Mylapore.

"How can I?" replied Mr. Sitaramayyar gently, "my wife will not agree."

Suddenly Mrs. Sitaramayyar appeared on the scene. Jagadisa Sastri trembled in fear.

"Do you suggest that a pariah boy should sit in our office room and handle things?" she asked in rage.

"No, No. I thought he may attend on Mr. Sitaramayyar during Court hours and after that he may be relieved and need not come to the house."

"We don't want such a servant. Return the money" she said and stretched out a deed of agreement.

Sitaramayyar had spent Rs. 15,000 up to now in remittances to Cambridge for Ramachandra's expenses and it was in consideration of the marriage which was now impossible. Jagadisa Sastri could read the very words of the agreement in the dream. It was so vivid.

The scene changed again. Jagadisa Sastri was pleading hard before a *sanyasi* who was seated on a deer skin and held a *danda* in his hand.

"Take my son, *swami*! Make him a brahmin boy."

"Impossible!" answered the orange-robed Authority in shrill notes. "A *chandala* cannot change his body except by reducing it to ashes and being born again.

If he acquires merit by proper actions according to his *kula dharma*, he may hope for a better body. But it will take many births before he can become a brahmin."

"But you committed criminal breach of trust, you cheated, you committed offences in this very body of yours," Jagadisa Sastri went on in rage.

"My curses on you for referring to my former *ashram*! you rascal" exclaimed the *sanyasi*, and down came the *danda* on his head.

* * * *

Jagadisa Sastri had rolled down from the seat and woke up with all the fellow-passengers laughing.

"The old Iyer has hurt his head" said one.

"No" said another, "luckily he had a towel wraped round his head."

VII

Next night, too, he had the same kind of terrible dream. Some dreams are light and their flimsy nature is known even during the dream. Some, however, are terrible in their realism. Jagadisa Sastri's dream was of this latter kind. He was still wandering with his pariah son.

"*Chandala*" whispered the trees, '*chandala*" sang the birds, "*chandala, chandala*" rolled the carriage wheels.

'Won't you take this poor boy as your own servant when you go to Delhi? He is educated. He has passed his B. A. He has suddenly become a pariah boy by an unfortunate accident."

"No" replied Rao Bahadur Narasimhacharya, "much caste is not observed by us in Delhi, it is true. But how can I take him into the house? Bring me a sudra boy, I can take him. I cannot take a pariah boy." "Shall I make him a sudra boy?" eagerly asked Jagadisa Sastri. "Yes," said Rao Bahadur Acharya.

"Change, change," said Sastri to his dream-son. But it was a hopeless task

"How can I become a sudra boy?" the lad protested.

"I am a *chandala*. Barber's blood and brahmin's blood run in a revolting mixture in my veins. You yourself said that it makes a *chandala*."

'True, true, O merciful God. May the *Shastras* be burnt," said Jagadisa Sastri.

"Father, I shall become a railway porter boy. No one will trouble me there," said Ramachandra.

"Try, my dear boy," said the old man.

The first job was got. A well dressed gentleman gave four annas for a very light box to be carried to the waiting room. The next one was the luggage of a brahmin official and his wife, a huge bed, a heavy trunk and a cloth bundle. The boy balanced them all on his head. As he was about to start off, came an urchin and shouted, 'Iyer, Iyer, he is a pariah boy."

"What!" cried the horrified official and his wife, "are you a pariah, you fellow?"

"Yes" said the poor boy trembling.

"How dare you touch my bundle, you rascal" shouted the lady, and the boy threw the things down and ran; and Sastri ran with him.

* * * *

They wandered and wandered. Ramachandra was now transformed into a regular *chakli* boy. The old man's legs were aching, and his throat was parched with thirst, but there was no water anywhere.

"Ramachandra, get me some water to drink. I am so thirsty," said the old man.

"Shall I go and ask some one?" replied the boy. "But they won't give me. I am a *chakli* boy."

"Alas, my son, true, they will not give you any water or food, for that would pollute the whole"

"Come, father, it won't do to die. Let us go to Cambridge. There they don't let people die."

"But how can we get there? It is so far away. We are yet in Tiruvatur."

"Ah, there is a step-well here, let us go and quench our thirst."

They went down the steps in fear and trembling. There was no one else in the beautiful tank. They drank both to their hearts content. Just as they started to return, an old brahmin lady came up to the tank and shouted, "Ah, who is this pariah boy who has polluted the well? What shall I do for water now?"

An angry crowd gathered round the boy.

"He is my son, he is my son, do not beat him, he is no pariah," pleaded Jagadisa Sastri.

"Prove it," they shouted.

"It is false," said Mrs. Jagadisa Sastri, who now had come into the crowd somehow. "He

(Continued on page 4)

# ENGLAND, GET OUT OF INDIA !

## MAXTON'S SPIRITED ATTACK ON WHITE PAPER

### " THE AGE OF IMPERIALISM IS PAST "

Speaking in the House of Commons in the course of the debate on the India White Paper, Mr. James Maxton, the leader of the I. L. P. made a scathing exposure of the Government's plans. He said :—

" I will not detain the House for more than a few minutes. I do not propose to examine the details of the White Paper, but my hon. friends and I propose to cast our votes against the motion which the Government have put down ; and we do not propose to cast our votes for the amendment which has been put down by hon. and right hon. gentlemen above the Gangway (Labour). In these circumstances, we do not wish to give a silent vote, which might easily be misunderstood both here and in India.

I congratulate the Noble Lord the Member for Horsham (Earl Winterton) on his very witty speech. He does not intervene frequently, but, when he does, he is always witty. I think, however, that his speech to-day was largely wasted because, as we view the speech of the right hon. gentleman the member for Epping (Mr. Churchill), the speech of the Noble Lord, and the proposals of the Government, we cannot see any such essential difference as need arouse any heat in the Conservative Party ; nor, indeed, do we see, in the proposals put forward by hon. gentlemen above the Gangway, any difference that would be sufficient to justify their putting an Amendment on the Paper. They all stand for British Imperialism in India.

#### NO DIFFERENCE.

Hon. gentlemen above the Gangway speak of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and of bringing India into the British Commonwealth of Nations, but these are the exact words which the Secretary of State used when he was putting the proposals before the House, and all that has been discussed so far is the question of how much England is going to interfere in the affairs of India.

Nobody—not even the official opposition—is suggesting that England should not interfere with the affairs of India at all. The right hon. gentleman suggests a maximum of English interference in India affairs. Indians, he says still need to be led by the hand ; they are our children, who have not yet grown up sufficiently to walk by themselves, although we have been their wise parent for 150 years, which is longer than the average infant takes to learn to walk.

#### DOMINION LINK

The right, hon. gentleman would give them a minimum of Indian liberty and a maximum of English interference. Right hon. and hon. gentlemen above the Gangway suggest a minimum of interference, but the Dominion link, and in their Amendment there is no reference to the time factor. The Government position is defined in the White Paper I should describe as one of " backing it both ways." It would, perhaps not be regarded as proper expression if I said that it was an attempt at "double-crossing." Presumably, however, the attitude of the Government is that they want a policy which can either increase the Indian share of self-government or diminish the Indian share of self-government—which can either strengthen or reduce the amount of English interference.

We take the attitude quite definitely that England has no right in India at all and that the one decent thing that England can do for India is to get out.

It has been asserted by many speakers, including the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that during England's period of interference in India many great things have happened in India. It would be difficult to roam the world's surface and find any country where things have not happened in the last 150 years. It would be difficult to find a country anywhere that is farther back to-day than it was 150 years ago. But, if there is one country in the world where the amount of advance is of the most limited nature, that country is India under English rule. The Under-Secretary to-day, in opening the Debate, referred to great hydro-electric schemes fostered and developed by the Government. If I remember aright the Under-Secretary of State in the Labour Government used to hold that up as our great magnum opus, and also the irrigation schemes. But every country in the world has been developing hydro-electric stations during the last few years, and all the drier countries have been developing their irrigation methods. It is not distinctively English. Ireland has developed hydro-electricity, and I believe it has been done there by German engineers. Surely, we are not going to claim that this particular scientific development, which is taking place in every corner of the world in the natural course, and to which scientists and technicians of all countries have contributed, is something—

#### BUTLER BUTTS IN

Mr. Butler : I am sorry to interrupt the hon. Member, but my point was that this scheme was developed under the transferred departments under Indian control, working in collaboration with European experts.

Mr. Maxton : I am sorry if I misunderstood the hon. gentleman. He was, therefore, giving the credit of it to the Indian people themselves—

Mr. Butler : Working in collaboration with European experts.

Mr. Maxton : That is exactly my point. The suggestion is that this wonderful combination of the English and the Indian characters has produced a hydro-electricity system in India. But such a system has been produced in Norway, where it is much more developed highly and efficient ; it has been developed in the United States, and in Russia. Therefore, while it would be foolish to say that improvements have not taken place in India in the 150 years during which there has been British occupation, and latterly British Government, it would be foolish for us, and it would be a mistake, to pat ourselves on the back, and say, " Look what we have done." (An Hon. Member " What about China ? ")

#### CHINA'S POSITION

China is at least in this position, that there has been developed in China during these latter years a real, genuine, militant struggle among the common people for liberty, for modernisation. I see an hon. Member shake his head, but that is my impression, and that is my information with regard to the type of Chinese with whom I am in contact, the man who is struggling there to liberate the people of China, and the fact that there are such men—I read their writings and correspond with them—is an indication to me that the Chinese people, the common people of China, are awakening and alive to the fact that the struggle to-day is not a struggle about constitutions, but a struggle about economic things ; that it is not a struggle as between nationalities, but as between classes in the same nationality. That constitutes the superiority of China over India as I see it to-day. It is not much, but it is there, and in my opinion, it will develop.

#### GET OUT OF INDIA

I am not giving what will be helpful to the Select Committee when it comes to work. We take the line absolutely that the one thing we can do is to leave India to work out her own salvation. That is described as "scurry," as ' cut and run.' It is described by all the awkward terms that suggest cowardice and the shirking of responsibility, Describe it in as ugly language as you like. I describe it as giving human beings, to whom the resources of the civilised world are as open as they are to any one of us here, the responsibility of conducting their own lives and running their own affairs.

So far as the White Paper is concerned, the one over-riding criticism that we make is that it is a machine-made constitution. You can feel it ; you can hear the wheels grinding round, the ball bearings without the proper amount of oil, and all the rest of it. It is cranky. It is the only kind of Constitution that an alien people could make for somebody else. Probably the reason why the South African Constitution did not work, why the Irish Constitution did not work, and why the German Constitution is not working to-day, is that in those constitutions there is no evidence of an actual outgrowth of the people themselves. The constitutional instrument that is going to express a nation's will has to grow out of that nation's characteristics. It cannot be made in some back room in Whitehall by any civil servant, however skilful.

#### MUST FIGHT HIMSELF

That brings me to my final point. We want to see the people of India free independent. We want to see them wiping out the rule of their Princes, their moneylenders, their millionaries. We want to see them on a higher level of comfort and freedom. We want to help them all that we can. But their fight must be their own fight. It must be the fight of the common people of India. They must banish from their minds entirely the idea that the getting of any right to govern themselves will remove from them the major problems of poverty and exploitation. They will still have to fight against the economic exploitation which is the real evil from which they suffer.

In my view, the age of Imperialism is past. The age of the great magnificent Empires is going. Britain, which has had the longest experience of imperialism, should be the first to tell the japanese and others who are struggling now to build an Empire that this idea is greatly over-rated—that there is nothing to it in the long run. It is like the personal riches of the individual, which are more trouble than they are worth. The laying up of large wealth only makes you worry about the moths and the dust.

#### 1917 PROMISE

A promise was given to India in 1917. We said in that Declaration that a Statutory Commission had to be set up within ten years, the maximum limit that it was allowed, before it set up that Commission. The Commission did its work in a very leisurely fashion. The House of Commons has taken any amount of time and has had numerous Round Table Conferences to discuss the Report of the Statutory Commisson. Now we are setting up a Select Committee. The Simon Commission was set up I think, in 1927. In 1933 we are getting a White Paper, and now we are passing a Motion to set up a Select Committee and, if I understand the Leaders of the present Government, as I think I do the instruction to that Select Committee will be, "Do not rush it. There is plenty of time. It is slow, careful, very gradual work. Perhaps by the time you have finished we shall be out of office altogether and another Government will have to take the next step."

From 1917 to 1933 the Indian people have been waiting to see the promise of freedom that was given them being realised in fact. To-night again we are shirking responsibility. The right hon. gentleman the Member for Epping is shirking responsibility. He knows that he ought to vote against this proposal now. If he does not mean India to have more liberty as he does not want India to have more liberty, he ought to vote to-night and not wait until the Select Committee produces something else and it comes before the House of Commons in concrete terms. He ought to show now, and every Member of the House who does not want to proceed along those lines ought to show to-night, as we propose to show, that we are not in favour of the progress to Indian liberty along this route.

From 1917 to 1933, 16 years have already been exhausted and the proposals to-day given at least another five or six years of delay. The Government have plumed themselves on the fact that they have not quietness in India by putting men in gaol. I admit that that always works. In my own experience when a few leaders are put into gaol the particular movement for which they stand quietens down for the moment, but very shortly there is a rally and they go forward again with greater vigour and with greater anger in their hearts.

The movement that I am concerned about is not that very decent, respectable movement of the Congress led by Mr. Gandhi. The movement that I want to see developed in India is the movement that is represented by the men of Meerut, now locked up for long terms of imprisonment, because of their attempt to bring about the beginning of a working class movement. These men are not being treated as first-class prisoners. They are being treated as desperate criminals. Their crime was that they dreamt of developing a great working class movement which would overthrow not merely the British but the rule of the Princes, the rule of the jute magnates, the mineowners and all the great exploiters of the Indian people. That is why they are in gaol, and the movement for which they stand is temporarily still, but it will grow again and while the Select Committee is quitely and comfortably perambulating along discussing all the details and taking time about it, trying to make the scheme more perfect, trying to conciliate every possible section and only dissatisfying more sections as they satisfy one, this movement will grow in strength and by the time your legislation is ready I hope, and my friends hope, that it will not be required by the Indian people.


The Photo News Agency

Press, Commercial and Publicity Photographers

26, General Patters Road, Mount Road,

MADRAS.

We execute Bromide enlargements in Black and White, in Sepia ,or in natural Colours.

Photographs of all important functions are taken free of charge for publication in the leading Newspapers in India and abroad.


# CONSTITUTION OF BRITAIN

## IN A NUTSHELL

### THE THREE ESTATES OF THE REALM

To set out the rights, the privileges, and duties of a British citizen, and to trace the development of our Constitution, on which the whole world looks with admiration, is a stupendous task, the results of which might well have occupied a shelf full of big books. By a stroke of genius, Mr. Frederick Peaker, M.A., has succeeded in giving all this information in the two hundred pages of one slim volume: "British Citizenship : Its Rights and Duties" (Herebert Russell, 2s. 6d.). This is a remarkable book, with every page full of interest to Mr. and Mrs. Everyman.

Why is it that the British Constitution is so soundly, and so solidly established? Its foundations were laid more than a thousand years ago, and ever since it has been a vital, growing thing, unvarying in its essential solidity, yet always adaptable to meet the needs of changing times.

The prerogative of the King has become to-day, as Mr. Peaker tells us, the privileges of the people. The people elect Parliament, Cabinet Ministers are responsible to Parliament, and the King acts only on the advice of his Ministers.

This system has developed. In the small kingdoms into which the England of Saxon times was divided the king commanded the army, sat as judge in the High Court, imposed taxes, and looked after the finances of the country. As time went on the work became far more than one man could accomplish. The king, therefore, had to delegate many of his duties to chosen men. A body of advisers and administrators grew up from which eventually the Privy Council was formed.

#### PEERS, BANKRUPTS, AND CONVICTS BARRED

The king used to preside in person at the meetings of the Privy Council, but George I, who knew little English when he came to the throne, abandoned this practice. This led to the formation of a Cabinet which is really a committee of the Privy Council. Another offshoot of the Privy Council is the Judicial Committee, which is still the highest court in the Empire.

What are the Three Estates of the realm ? Many people who would answer at once, the King, the Lords, and the Commons, but this is wrong. The Three Estates are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons. At one period a large part of the king's power passed into the hands of the Lords Spiritual, the Archbishop of Canterbury being the power behind the throne. Cardinal Wolsey was almost the last of the great politician-bishops. Certain bishops only are now members of the House of Lords and the powers of this House have been greatly limited.

Until 1911 the Lords had practically equal power with the Commons, except that they could not amend or reject money bills. In that year another big change took place in the Constitution when the Lords' powers of veto were limited.

Who is entitled to stand as a member of Parliament ? Any British citizen over twenty-one years of age who is not a convict, a bankrupt, a priest of the Church of England or of Rome, or a peer. Elections are conducted nowadays by the secret ballot, though it was only in 1872 that this was introduced. The country has been divided into constituencies so arranged that the people are properly represented. In former years when the "Rotten Boroughs" existed, a dozen electors might return two members to Parliament whilst towns with thousands of inhabitants had no representatives.—*Tit Bits.*

## PRESERVING BIRDS

### MUSSOLINI'S RESPECT FOR LIVES OF ANIMALS

#### ISLAND OF CAPRI SANCTUARY

London, (By Mail).

There was a touch of internationalism about the forty-second annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds at the Middlesex Guildhall, Westminster, when the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, described the efforts being made in his own country and in the Congo for the preservation of bird life, and a glowing message to the society was read from Signor Mussolini. The chair was taken by the Duchess of Portland, who was re-elected president.

"It has given me a real pleasure," wrote Signor Mussolini, in a message read by the Duchess, "to receive the letter in which you have expressed to me the gladness felt by the members of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds upon learning that the Island of Capri has been declared a sanctuary for birds. I know how highly deserving the R.S.P.B. is for the good which it does, and of the many expressions of appreciation which have reached me on this occasion the one which comes from you has, therefore, particularly pleased me. The respect for the lives of animals ranks as one of the noblest characteristics of a country, and your own country is certainly worthy of its great traditions even in this respect."

Mr. Eric Parker, referring to Lord Buckmaster's bill, described the measure as one directed against "not so much the caging of birds as that which leads to the caging of birds." He felt it was unfortunate that the first clause of the bill should contain the word "cage," as that word suggested to the official mind vested interests, and so the official mind stopped dead in its reading, and said "No more."

#### SALE OF WILD BIRDS

He felt sure that if the bill had been framed without that word it would have gone through in its original form. "What we ought to aim at is the sale of wild birds," he said. "If you prevent the sale of wild birds there would be no market for them." He himself, he declared, had never come upon a case of blinding, but he had good reasons for supposing that it was a traditional science handed down from man to man, like methods of planting and sowing seeds.

He read extracts from an article from the "Boy's Own Magazine" of the 60's entitled "Birds how to trap and catch them," in which the young bird-trapper who despaired of being able to get his caged bird to sing was advised how to blind it with red-hot needles. "There is not one word to be said in defence of these bird-catchers," he said, referring to a visit he and his chauffeur had recently paid to Club Row. "I found a barrow from which a woman was selling linnets as fast as she could. She had a big cage into which she put her hand and caught each linnet by the tail, the legs, and the wings, and dipped its feet into some dirty water, then put it into a cardboard box. She was also offering gold-finches for sale. She told me she wanted 4s. for a goldfinch.

"I bought three linnets from her at nine pence each in paper bags seven inches square. Then I saw a thrush in a cage. It was cowering on the floor with its beak open. You know what it means when a bird's beak is open. A boy said it was cold, and put some sacking over the cage. He wanted 6s. for the thrush, and I was asked to pay two pence for a little box to put it in. The thrush could not move in it."

#### PARALYSED WITH FRIGHT

Mr. Parker said that on reaching home he let the birds loose. "The thrush could hardly move at all. It dragged itself over the grass, and I thought that its leg had been dislocated. I left it here a few hours and it flew away. I think it was simply paralysed with fright."

## MUSSOLINI

### NEW STYLE

#### (BY A. G. GARDINER)

Whether anything comes of Mussolini's new Pax Romana or not, his scheme puts him in the centre of the stage.

Europe, like the United States in the Civil War, is crying out for "a man". Never in its history has it been in such urgent need of leadership, and never in its history has it been so bankrupt of leadership. It is like a ship that, having been torpedoed in the War, has been drifting helplessly ever since without a captain on the bridge, and with all the officers and crew fighting like Kilkenny cats in the cabins below to save their own quarters from destruction.

This is insanity. Nobody's quarters are going to be saved unless the ship itself is saved. We shall all sink together if we cannot agree on swimming together.

If Signor Mussolini is the man who can bring that agreement about he will earn the gratitude even of those of us who have distrusted him most in the past. We shall not scrutinise the credentials of anyone who can throw Europe a life-line in its present desperate emergency.

And there is this to be said in favour of Mussolini as a new hope—that he has shown that he can learn with experience. He still rules Italy with an iron and a ruthless hand, but he is not the fire-eating bravo that alternately shocked and amused us ten years ago.

#### WORLD CONQUEROR

In those days he adopted the god-like accents of the ex-Kaiser, and assumed the pose of a new Napoleon. He threatened to "blot out the sun" with his fleets of aeroplanes. He trod on the toes of France, awed Greece with his menaces, talked of the Mediterranean as if it were an Italian lake, and summoned up visions of a Roman Empire that should rival the dominion of the Caesars.

His attitude to the League of Nations was as scornful as his attitude to Parliamentary idea of government, and he seemed to be aiming at a dictatorship of Europe as well as of Italy.

Much of this was no doubt meant for home consumption. He, the son of a blacksmith of the Romagna, who had made himself notorious in turn as the most extreme of Socialists, Anarchists, Internationalists and Republicans, had suddenly changed his role to that of the violent Nationalist and Patriot.

He set out with his Black Shirts to redeem Italy from the wave of Communism that was sweeping over it from Russia, and having made himself master of Rome and put King and Parliament into cold storage, he had to assume the airs of a world conqueror in order to bring his people to heel.

He is above all a supreme actor. He set himself to create a popular legend of himself as the superman who must be feared and who must be obeyed.

His inkpot was a skull and cross-bones. His paper weight was a dagger. His eyes sent "an electric current running through the veins." His pets were lion cubs that would eat anybody less heroic.

When he went into the lion-cage at the Zoological Gardens at Rome to play with the formidable "Italia" as if it were a kitten, the other lions, we are told, circulated round him as if willing to wound but yet afraid to strike so imperious a master.

He talked in public like a God delivering oracles to a mob of terrorised children, and in private (I quote from the Sarfatti life) he raved in this fashion:

"If the Eternal Father were to say to me 'I am your friend,' I would put up my fists to Him. . . . I want to make a mark on my era with my will, like a lion with its claws. A mark like this! (scratching the cover of a chair-back from end to end)."

If a British Prime Minister talked like this and began scratching the furniture to show what a terrible claw he had we should laugh and put him into safe keeping. Even ex Comrade Mosley, who aspires to become our Mussolini, will be well-advised not to play the tiger-claw stunt on us when he assumes the purple. We confine our histrionics to the theatre and our lions to the Zoo.

But though Mussolini can play the fool when it suits his purpose to play the fool, he is not a fool. He is a great actor, a great egotist, but also something of a great man. In this respect he is, I think, entirely unlike his imitator in Germany.

And being something of a great man he has the wisdom to learn and to alter his tune with circumstances. During the past two years a notable change has come over his utterance and bearing. He no longer rattles his sabre, and more than once he has spoken to Europe boldly as a good European.

#### "REVENGE!"

For this reason his Pax Romana is to be welcomed as a serious contribution to the great problem that perplexes Europe to-day. That problem, in brief, is the ancient feud between France and Germany. It has bedevilled the world for two thousand years, and in our time it has brought European civilisation to the brink of ruin. If it continues and results in another war it will end that civilisation beyond all hope of recovery.

And that another war is possible is only too apparent. Fourteen years of Poincareism have driven Germany into the arms of the wild men, and a fierce belligerency and clamour for revenge has swept the country.

Europe is now faced with the danger of being divided once more into two military camps arming feverishly for the next war. In the one camp will be France and the Little Entente; in the other Germany and Italy. But if the clash comes, we shall all be involved. Let the guns once begin to speak and there will be neutrality for nobody.

Two things alone can stop the catastrophe to which we are drifting. The first is the fulfilment of the disarmament undertaking of the Powers given when they disarmed Germany. If France, Britain and Italy do not disarm nothing on earth can prevent Germany re-arming. And once the race of armaments is begun war is inevitable.

#### A GOOD MOVE

The other chance of escape is to bring about something like a reconciliation between France and Germany. And it is here that the influence of Mussolini should be invaluable. He holds the key position in Europe. Without his help Germany would not have a dog's chance in inviting another war.

This gives him an overwhelming authority in the counsels of Germany, altogether apart from the fact that as the founder of the Fascist idea his prestige in the new Germany is immense. In declaring for a pacific solution of the Franco-German quarrel therefore he warns Germany that she cannot rely on his help if she runs amok.

With his pressure on Germany from the one side and with British pressure upon France to be reasonable on the other, there is still a hope of escaping Armageddon.

That is why, with all its difficulties, I believe that the Four Power Pact is a good move and that we may yet be able to regard Mussolini as one of the chief instruments for saving European civilisation.—(John Bull).

---

An interesting fact was disclosed by the Belgian Ambassador in describing the bird sanctuaries along the coast of Belgium for migrating birds. The only other place in the world besides Britain, he pointed out, in which grouse were found was in Belgium. This was the result of an experiment carried out by a Belgian nobleman over fifty years ago. In the Heathery district in the Ardennes grouse still flourish, and as many as 400 brace were brought down each season.

A resolution supporting the Buckmaster Bill was passed with one dissentient, and another urging the Government to take action to prevent the pollution of the seas by oil was passed unanimously. Mr. Sanford Cole, in proposing the latter resolution, said they were "Up against not merely miserably mean shipowners but opulent oil companies, whose ships might very well carry separators, and ships of the navy which do not care a two penny damn."

## THE POETS' CORNER

### LITTLE BY LITTLE

Little by little the years pass by;
Little by little their tasks we ply.
Little by little great deeds are done,
Little by little man's freedom's won.
Little by little his mind evolves—
Little by little world problems solves.
Little by little we make our way
From dawn to the close of life's long day;
Little by little we come to see
How few the things on which men agree,
And yet how they all may dwell in peace
When envy and wrong and hatred cease.
Little by little we learn to know
The road to perfection's hard and slow;
Little by little we learn at length
Love is more potent than brutish strength;
But little, how little we've learned to trust
The word of the wise, the path of the just.

—A. B. COOPER.

### SUNDAY PEACE

We used to seek our Sunday peace
In country roads, times past,
For there the moil and toil would cease,
The rush of life at last
Give way to dusty solitude
Or muddy, dripping ease,
As in a simple, thoughtful mood
We walked beneath the trees.
But now the country road's athrong
With rushing, roaring noise!
A line of motors, whole miles long,
This quietude destroys.
The fresh and charming country air
Is laden with the stink.
Of petrol, and the walker there
Must jump or hop or slink.
And so to walk with restful grace
On Sundays now, you'll find
A city street the finest place,
Its business left behind,
Its offices with dignity
Calm, cold, and oh, so mute!
Peace walks there then a refugee
From toil and moil's pursuit!

—A. M. F.

### BUT

The smallest star we cannot light,
The smallest cloudlet steer,
Nor can we shorten day or night,
Or check the rolling year;
But we our friendly help can give
To those with whom we daily live.

The secrets of the simplest flower,
Of some neglected stone,
Of bursting bud, of summer shower,
Are known to God alone;
But in the secrets of the heart
Love's understanding has a part.

The widening knowledge which we boast,
Our scientific lore,
Is but a pebble at the most
On an unending shore:
But 'tis enough, if knowledge tends
To make of all men better friends.

A. B. COOPER.

REGISTERED NO. M. 2872 PRICE 6 PIES

# The Sunday Observer

VOL. I MADRAS, SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1933 NO. 11.

## 'THE NEW TIMES' ON THE MADRAS SERVICES COMMISSION

### COMMISSION MUST GO IF PERSONNEL IS NOT CHANGED

#### SELECTION IS A HUGE FARCE

We reproduce the leading article in extenso of our contemporary 'The New Times' of 27th inst.:—

We have been receiving a large number of complaints from persons who have applied for a vacancy in the Madras Law College staff, and from enquiries made, we understand that most of them represent the true facts. The complaints relate to the manner in which the appointment was sought to be made by the Services Commission, the way in which the candidates who were called for an interview were treated, and the financial loss to which the applicants were put for the purpose of staging the farce of a selection by the Commission. The facts relating to the appointment are as follows: A vacancy arose in the Law College staff on the expiry of the term of Mr. Govindarajulu, an able and respected professor of the College. The Services Commission caused an advertisement to be published in local papers, inviting applications, and no mention was made in it that the candidates should have previous teaching experience. The applicants were asked to send an application fee of Rs. 20 and were called for an interview at a particular time on a certain day by the Commissioners. They sent the money and waited with patience for the interview. The interview was granted only after their patience was exhausted. Questions were asked of the candidates, for which answers had already been given in the applications. They were further asked whether they had teaching experience. Most of them answered in the negative and the curtain was rung down on the farce. We are deliberately using the word farce, because we understand on reliable authority that the selection of Mr. P. K. Chari was made before the date of the interview, a fact which was being freely given out by a member of the Commission. Two names have been sent up—Mr. P. K. Chari's and that of another Brahmin gentleman, for a vacancy caused by the expiry of the term of a Non-Brahmin professor. We have nothing to say against Mr. P. K. Chari, not a single word against his teaching capacity or professorial accomplishments. But we may venture to ask whether the members of the Services Commission have done their duty properly. If they had decided on selecting Mr. Chari previously, as we have no doubt they had, why should they unnecessarily incur charges for advertisement in newspapers, and why should they unnecessarily levy a tax of Rs. 20 on the applicants? Do they think that the applicants derive religious consolation or personal satisfaction in paying that amount, or do they think that the applicants deserved a penalty, particularly some Non-Brahmin applicants for having the effrontery to entertain the idea that a Non-Brahmin vacancy would be filled up by the appointment of a Non-Brahmin? In the interests of the thousands of Non-Brahmins who may be applying to the Commission for this or that post, it would be better if the Commission makes a public announcement to the effect that it is not going to be guided by petty communal considerations, that the members of the Commission are nationalist cum-efficiency-minded and that therefore people who indulge in the false hope, that because they belong to a community which is not sufficiently represented in the services, therefore they have a chance of being selected, will do well to get themselves rid of their fond delusion. We can inform the members of the Commission that when the Commission was constituted, Non-Brahmin communities heaved a sigh of relief that at last the power of appointment to the services was vested in the hands of an impartial body which could be trusted to deal out communal justice. If things go on as they have done in the case of the Law College appointment, we are constrained to observe that the Non-Brahmin communities will heave a sigh of relief only when the present personnel changes or when the Commission itself ceases to exist.

#### OFF HIS CHEST

A doctor mentioned the other day that people who stammer can often sing perfectly, and proved his statement with this story:—

A deck-hand who suffered from an impediment in his speech came running to the captain on the bridge during a storm and started "P-p-please, s-s-sir . . ."

"Oh, sing it" ordered the skipper, irritably. The deck-hand took a deep breath and began: "Should auld acquaintance to forgot, and never brought to mind, the first mate's fallen overboard and he's half a mile behind."

## DR. P. SUBBAROYAN

(Continued from Page 5)

labyrinth of little-minded passions. Though he quails not before a crisis and though he can fight his enemy fiercely, he can also forget and forgive with equal facility. He carries not the blood dripping wounds of his enemy's blows on to the dinner table or into the streets. He has a ready and pleasing smile even for his foe, a hail-fellow-well-met attitude ever for his friends. The episode of his contest during the general elections of 1930 is as painful as it is hardly creditable to his opponents. For once healthy principles had given way to personal antagonism. Perhaps the delirium of election fever deadens our conscience. But Dr. Subbaroyan did succeed.

A man of few words Dr. Subbaroyan always believes in action. He has understood more than many a compeer in the Council the meaning of the adage that an ounce of practice is better than a ton of theory. And he always strove to translate his convictions into actions and acts. 'Want of funds' is the wonted apologia with which every Minister confronts whenever a reform is needed. But none employed this protective shield more sparingly than the Doctor. The establishment of the Annamalai University would by itself render his regime memorable. The Madras District Municipalities and Local Boards Act with many a benificent feature incorporated in it is a definite improvement on the previous one. He had set about abolishing untouchability long before the present agitation was thought of. It was an original G. O. that he passed withholding goverment grants to the educational institutions refusing admission to Adidravida boys. And at the time when it was passed it was a bold one too. Its boldness can be no better evidenced than by the appalling lack of courage evinced by his successor in enforcing it strictly. A Brahmo by creed Mr. Subbaroyan hates caste. He has bravely and unflinchingly stood for and fostered the cause of social reform wherever possible and within his departments positively. He would not waste large grants on an institution like the Widows' Home if it continued to mete out differential treatment to Brahmin and non-Brahmin widows. Perhaps his chief claim to fame lies in his indefatigable and earnest services in the cause of Indian womanhood to which eloquent testimony has been borne by Dr. Muthulakshmi the august spokeswoman of her sex. It was during his time that women were nominated in large numbers to the local boards, that training schools for women were opened everywhere, and compulsory physical training and compulsory medical inspection for boys and girls were introduced. Free secondary education for girls was another feature of his reform. Surely his regime has been the most convincing argument against the detractors of dyarchy's fertility of good. Possibly he got the maximum of good out of it with the minimum of risks. The wonder is not merely as Dr. Johnson would say, that he has done this at all. The wonder is that he has done so well.

The name of Dr. Subbaroyan was of late too much in the air, as the prospective author of the Temple Entry Bill. In the morning people were oblivious to his name but at night there was hardly a tongue that did not pronounce his name with passionate love. He caught the imagination of the nation at a psychological hour by flashing his Bill. The Indian public was in one of its periodical fits of morality. Its mind had been worked up to a high pitch of sympathy for the untouchables by Gandhiji's fast. The iron was hot, the hammer lay near by, who could strike it. Why, there was Dr. Subbaroyan who leapt into the blazing limelight by a timely, tactical hit. This shows clearly his knowledge of human nature and capacity to conceive quickly and act boldly. His triumph is a triumph of mediocrity trained in tactics. This does not mean he has no sincerity. But sincerity alone without swift decision is useless. Who knows it better than he? Pluck he has in plenty and luck favouring, Doctor Subbaroyan has yet a future at least as glorious as his past.

#### NO LEAVINGS

The son of a financier who has brought off some pretty large thefts from the shareholders in his companies was introduced to a woman with a reputation for dry humour.

"I hear," said the woman, coldly, "that you take after your father."

"He never leaves anything for me to take," said the young man.

PLEASE GO TO

**Kesavaram & Co.,**

PIECE-GOODS MERCHANTS

1-287, Esplanade Row, Madras

Opposite to Corporation New Fruit Stall

STOCKISTS OF

Narayanavaram, Kalladakurichi, Manamedu, Bleached and unbleached Dhoties—Ahmadabad Mills Dhoties, Towels and Bed Sheets, Madura, Poona, Pullampet and Ahmadabad Saries etc., and other Swadeshi piece-goods.

SILKS:—
Shirtings.
Coatings.
Paris.
Creepe.
Spun.
Fuji.
Saries.

COTTON:—
Palm Beaches.
Tussurs.

READY-MADE:—
Shirts.
Coats.
Mosquitoe Curtains.
Advocate Bands.
" Gowns.
Children's Frocks.
" Suits.
Mattie Banians.
Travelling requisites.
Hammacks.
Holldals.
Suit Cases.

The Management has a long experience in the line and that itself is your GUARANTEE.

TAILORING & OUTFITTING A SPECIALITY

Telegraphic Address:—"SUITINGS," MADRAS.

Printed and Published by M. Pandurangam, at the "Chandra Press," 39, Chinnatambi St., G. T., Madras. Editor: P. Balasubramania Mudaliar.